ARIA
Summer's Spell
image
1
$2.95
Holguin
Pajarillo
Medina
Anacleto

London's Brilliant Parade

The newspapers had dubbed it "Swinging London." Seemingly overnight, sleepy London town had become the capital of the Western World. Youth was king and the air was electric. The earth itself seemed to heave forward on the cusp of some great generational shift. The world was a buzz with talk of Mary Quant, King's Road, Liz and Dick, Mick and Marianne… The old grey heads at the corner pub would just roll their eyes at the telly and its endless parade of decadent youth, our wild clothes and raucous music. But now, when I stop and look back, what I really see is the innocence. I see just how young and green and naïve we all were.

As for me, I was an awkward, spotty lad, eager and clueless, just barely past puberty. I had a taste for magic but little talent. Lady Kildare on the other hand, was the most beautiful woman I had ever seen, worldly and wondrous. It seemed she'd been everywhere and knew everyone. She needn't have given the likes of me the time of day, yet she treated me as a friend and introduced me to her mad circle of cohorts. And it was through her, in that heady summer of Nineteen Hundred and Sixty-Six, that I learned what the word *Magic* truly meant.

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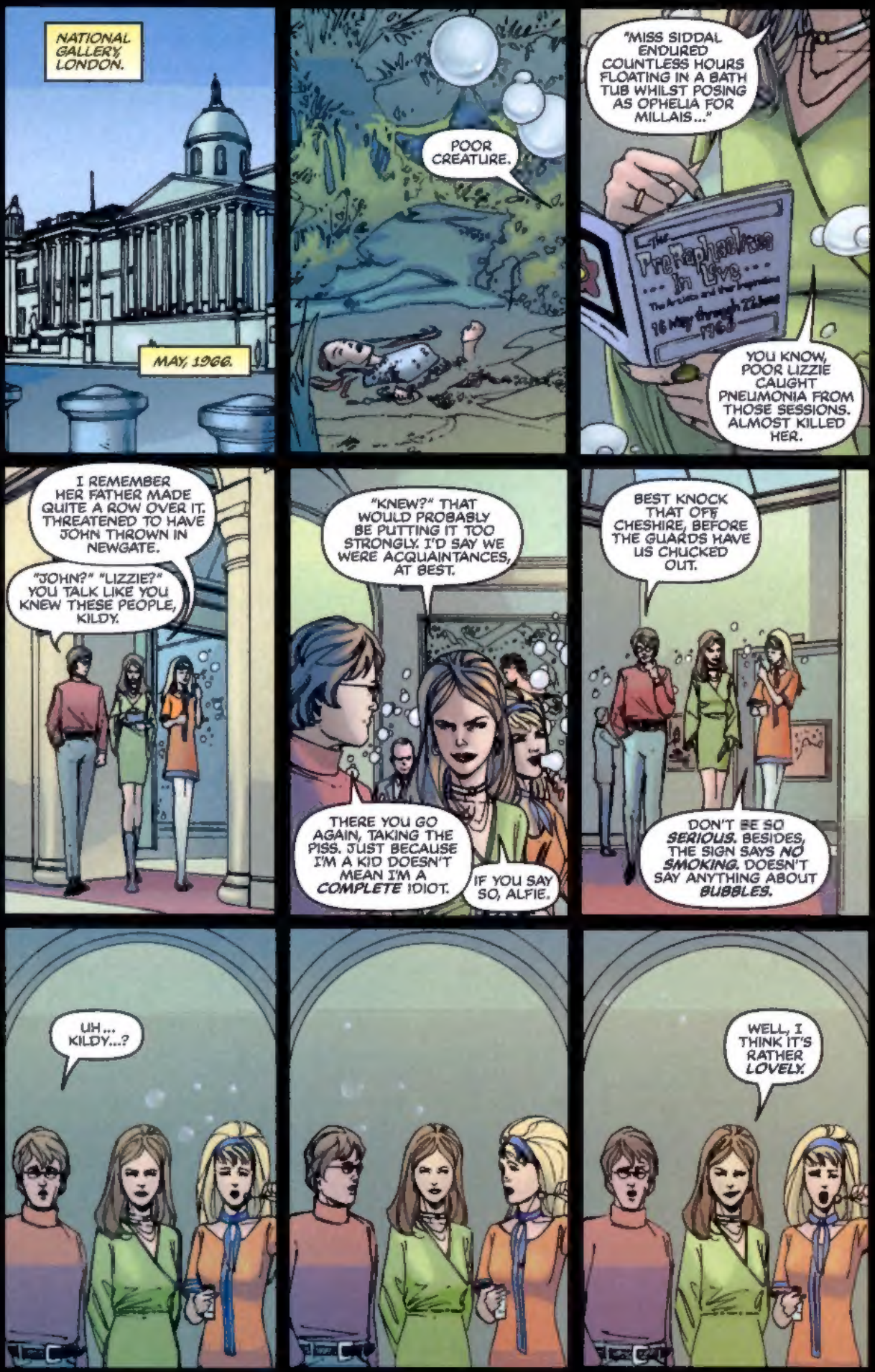
image comics presents

ARIA
SUMMER'S SPELL

ARIA Summer's Spell Vol. 1, #1, March 2002. FIRST PRINTING. Published by Image Comics Inc. Office of Publication: 1071 N. Batavia St. Ste. A Orange, CA 92867. $2.95 US/$4.65 Canada. ARIA Summer's Spell its logo and all related characters are trademark and copyright Avalon Studios 2002. ALL RIGHTS RESERVED. Any similarities to persons living or dead is purely coincidental. With the exception of artwork used for review purposes, none of the contents of this book may be reprinted without the express written consent of Avalon Studios. PRINTED IN CANADA

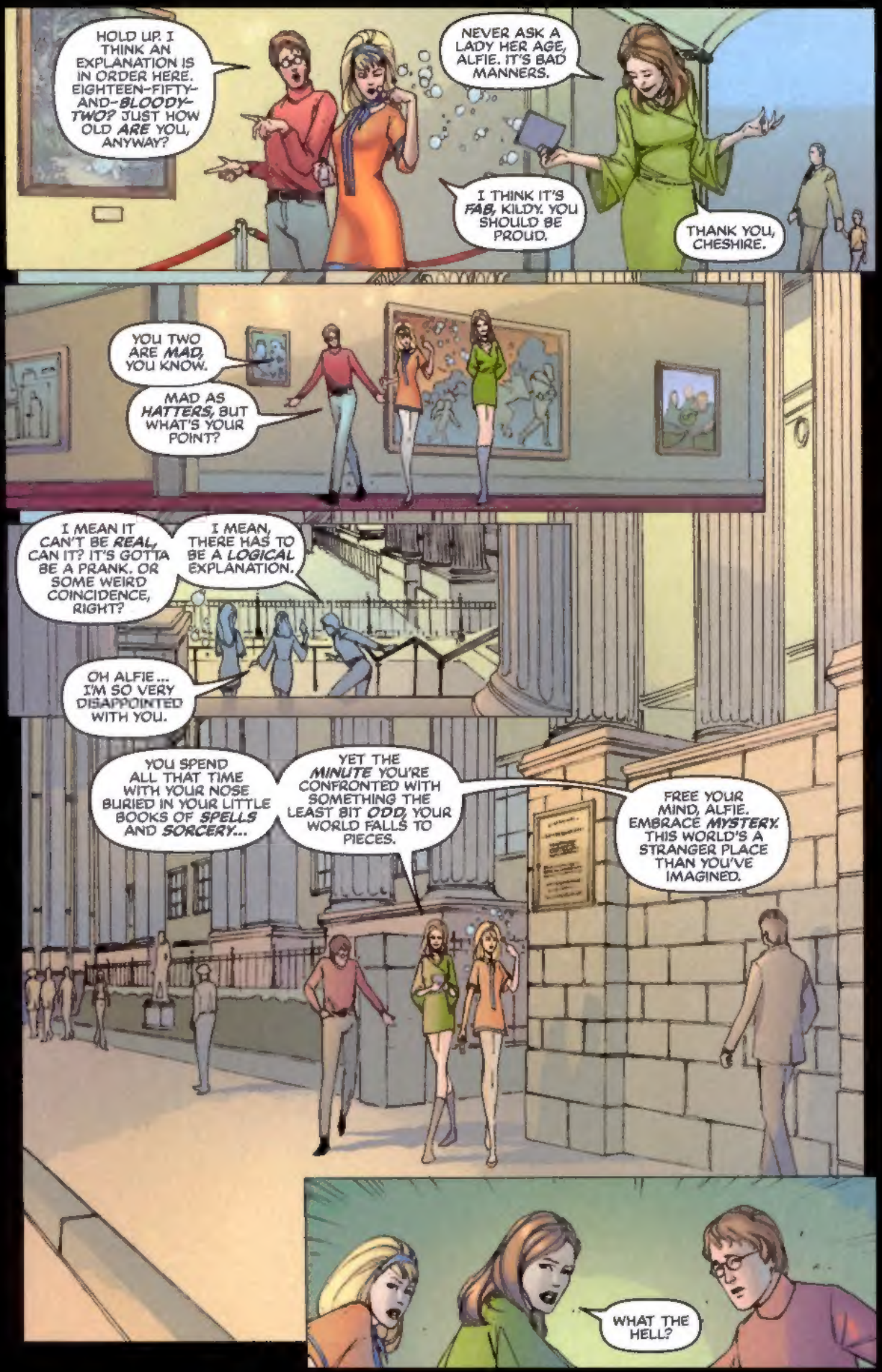

NATIONAL GALLERY, LONDON.
MAY, 1966.
POOR CREATURE.
"MISS SIDDAL ENDURED COUNTLESS HOURS FLOATING IN A BATH TUB WHILST POSING AS OPHELIA FOR MILLAIS..."
The Pre-Raphaelites in Life...
YOU KNOW, POOR LIZZIE CAUGHT PNEUMONIA FROM THOSE SESSIONS. ALMOST KILLED HER.
I REMEMBER HER FATHER MADE QUITE A ROW OVER IT. THREATENED TO HAVE JOHN THROWN IN NEWGATE.
"JOHN?" "LIZZIE?" YOU TALK LIKE YOU KNEW THESE PEOPLE, KILDY.
"KNEW?" THAT WOULD PROBABLY BE PUTTING IT TOO STRONGLY. I'D SAY WE WERE ACQUAINTANCES, AT BEST.
THERE YOU GO AGAIN, TAKING THE PISS. JUST BECAUSE I'M A KID DOESN'T MEAN I'M A *COMPLETE* IDIOT.
IF YOU SAY SO, ALFIE.
BEST KNOCK THAT OFF, CHESHIRE, BEFORE THE GUARDS HAVE US CHUCKED OUT.
DON'T BE SO *SERIOUS*. BESIDES, THE SIGN SAYS *NO SMOKING*. DOESN'T SAY ANYTHING ABOUT *BUBBLES*.
UH... KILDY...?
WELL, I THINK IT'S RATHER *LOVELY*.

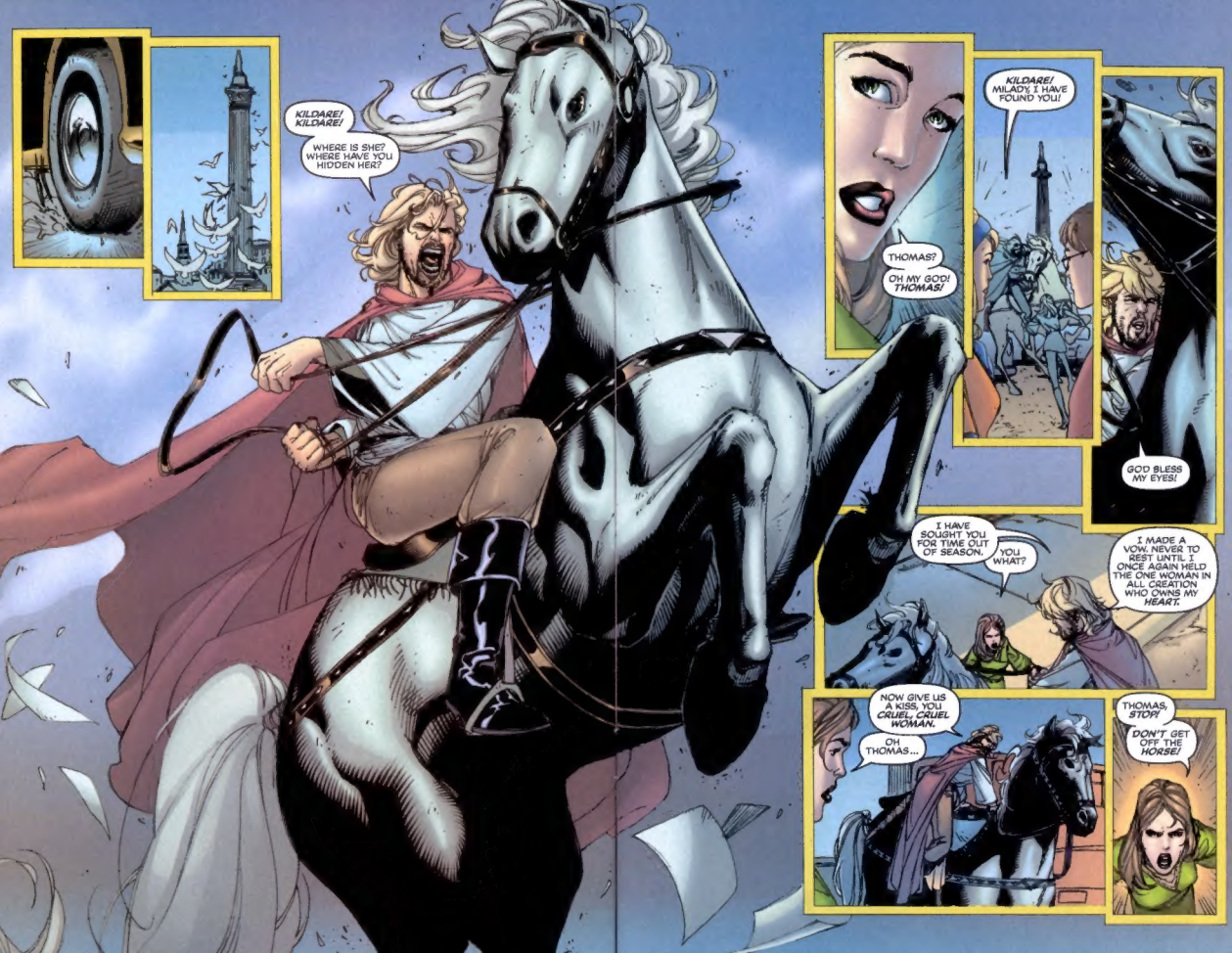
WRITTEN BY BRIAN HOLGUIN
ART BY MARK PAJARILLO
& LAN MEDINA
COLORS BY AVALON

A SUMMER'S SPELL

D.G. Rossetti
Circa 1852

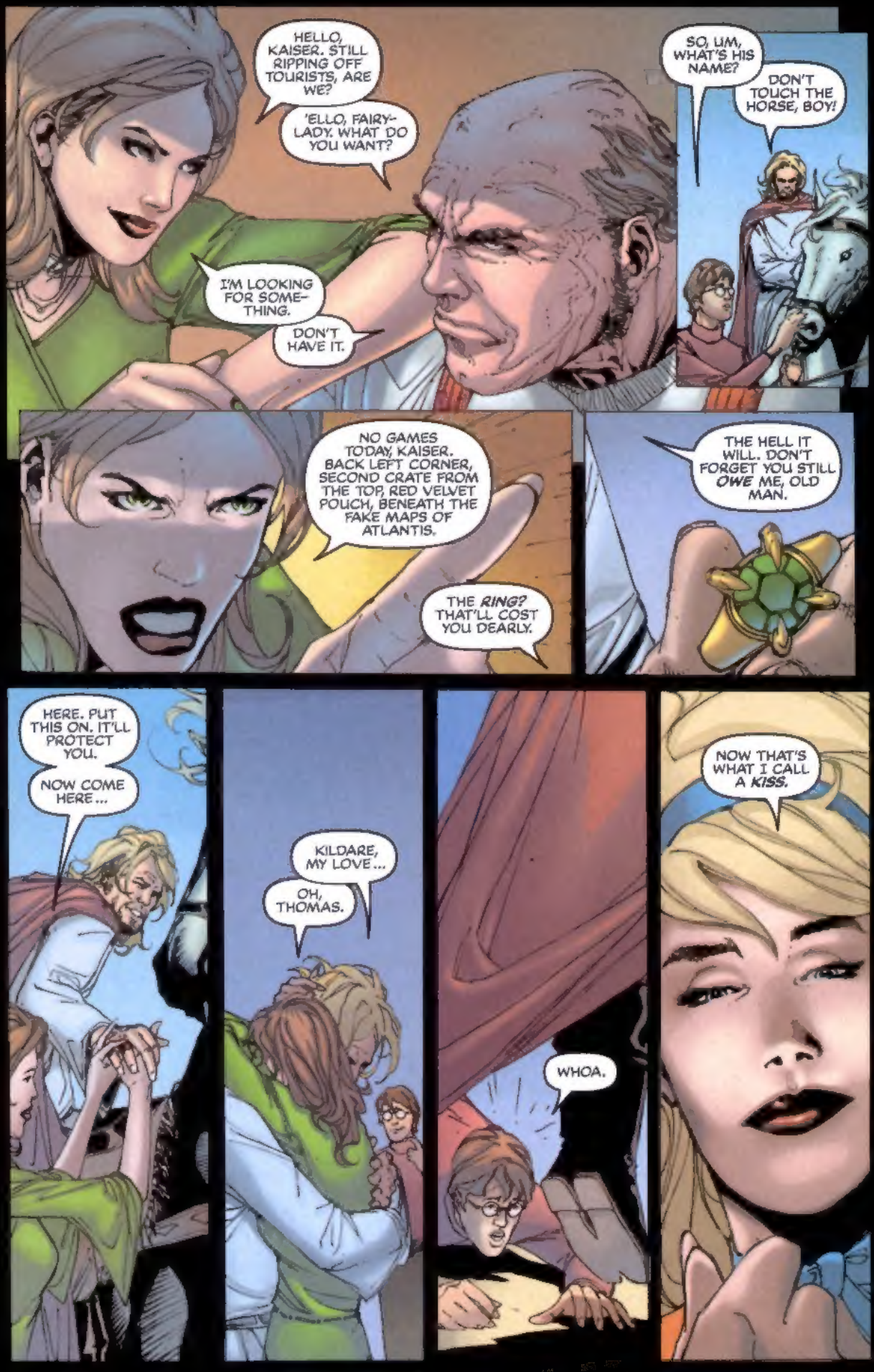
LETTERS BY DREAMER DESIGN
ARIA CREATED BY
BRIAN HOLGUIN AND
BRIAN HABERLIN


HOLD UP. I THINK AN EXPLANATION IS IN ORDER HERE. EIGHTEEN-FIFTY-AND-*BLOODY*-TWO? JUST HOW OLD *ARE* YOU, ANYWAY?
NEVER ASK A LADY HER AGE, ALFIE. IT'S BAD MANNERS.
I THINK IT'S *FAB*, KILDY. YOU SHOULD BE PROUD.
THANK YOU, CHESHIRE.
YOU TWO ARE *MAD*, YOU KNOW.
MAD AS *HATTERS*, BUT WHAT'S YOUR POINT?
I MEAN IT CAN'T BE *REAL*, CAN IT? IT'S GOTTA BE A PRANK. OR SOME WEIRD COINCIDENCE, RIGHT?
I MEAN, THERE HAS TO BE A *LOGICAL* EXPLANATION.
OH ALFIE... I'M SO VERY DISAPPOINTED WITH YOU.
YOU SPEND ALL THAT TIME WITH YOUR NOSE BURIED IN YOUR LITTLE BOOKS OF *SPELLS* AND *SORCERY*...
YET THE *MINUTE* YOU'RE CONFRONTED WITH SOMETHING THE LEAST BIT *ODD*, YOUR WORLD FALLS TO PIECES.
FREE YOUR MIND, ALFIE. EMBRACE *MYSTERY*. THIS WORLD'S A STRANGER PLACE THAN YOU'VE IMAGINED.
WHAT THE HELL?

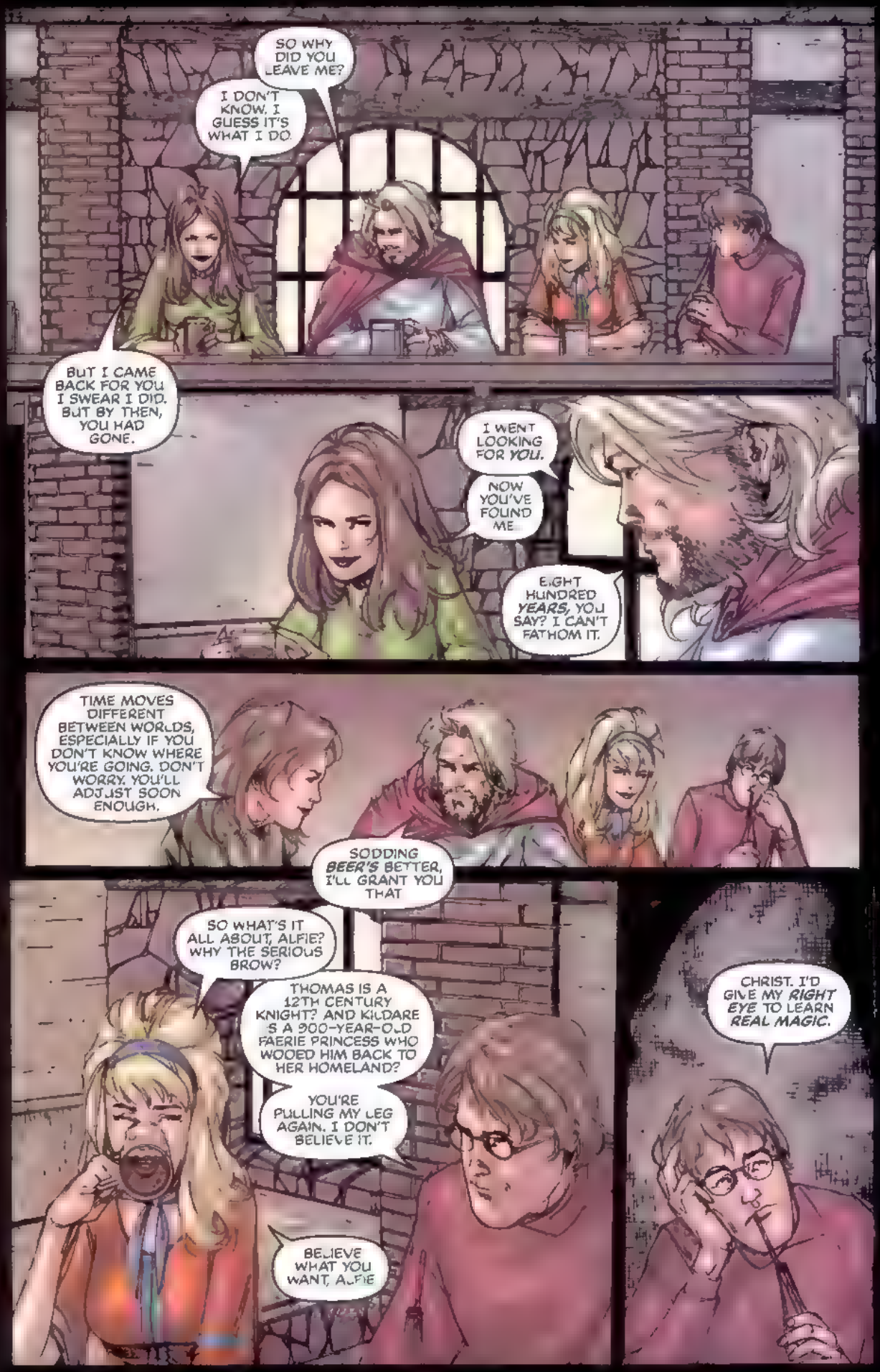

KILDARE! KILDARE!
WHERE IS SHE? WHERE HAVE YOU HIDDEN HER?
THOMAS?
OH MY GOD! THOMAS!
KILDARE! MILADY, I HAVE FOUND YOU!
GOD BLESS MY EYES!
I HAVE SOUGHT YOU FOR TIME OUT OF SEASON.
YOU WHAT?
I MADE A VOW. NEVER TO REST UNTIL I ONCE AGAIN HELD THE ONE WOMAN IN ALL CREATION WHO OWNS MY HEART.
NOW GIVE US A KISS, YOU CRUEL, CRUEL WOMAN.
OH THOMAS...
THOMAS, STOP!
DON'T GET OFF THE HORSE!

RIGHT! WHAT'S ALL THIS? WHO'S RESPONSIBLE FOR THIS BEAST MUCKING UP THE TRAFFIC?!
PLEASE... JUST ONE MINUTE.
THOMAS, I'M SERIOUS. DON'T STEP OFF THE HORSE.
DON'T TEASE ME, LOVE.
LISTEN TO ME, THOMAS. YOU'VE BEEN IN FAERIE FOR 800 YEARS. IF YOU STEP ON SOLID GROUND NOW YOU'LL CRUMBLE INTO DUST.
PLEASE. DON'T MOVE. I'LL THINK OF SOMETHING.
FAERIE? DUST? WHAT'S THIS ALL ABOUT?
PUBLICITY STUNT.
WOT?
PLAY REHEARSAL.
HUH?
LABOR RALLY.
LOOK, UM... JUST CARRY ON. RESOLVE THIS MATTER AT YOUR LEISURE, MISS...?
CHESHIRE. MY FRIENDS CALL ME CHESHIRE.
NOW, MY DEAR BOY, WHAT AM I GOING TO DO ABOUT YOU?

COVENT GARDEN.
THE AREA'S BEST KNOWN FOR ITS FLOWER MARKET.
BUT ON WEEKENDS THEY HAVE JUMBLE SALES AND ICE CREAM STANDS, STUFF LIKE THAT.
BUT I DON'T SUPPOSE THAT MEANS ANYTHING TO YOU, DOES IT, MR.THOMAS?
GOOD LORD! WHAT HAVE THEY DONE TO MY ENGLAND?
GRAND, ISN'T IT?
WE'RE LOOKING FOR SOMEONE I THINK CAN HELP. HE USED TO KEEP A STALL AROUND HERE.
THERE YOU GO, MY GOOD MAN. KEEP THE CHANGE.
YOU AND YOUR WIFE HAVE MADE A VERY WISE PURCHASE THERE. A CHERISHED KEEPSAKE TO BE PASSED DOWN THROUGH THE GENERATIONS.
NO RETURNS NOW. ALL SALES FINAL.


HELLO, KAISER. STILL RIPPING OFF TOURISTS, ARE WE?
'ELLO, FAIRY-LADY. WHAT DO YOU WANT?
I'M LOOKING FOR SOME-THING.
DON'T HAVE IT.
SO, UM, WHAT'S HIS NAME?
DON'T TOUCH THE HORSE, BOY!
NO GAMES TODAY, KAISER. BACK LEFT CORNER, SECOND CRATE FROM THE TOP, RED VELVET POUCH, BENEATH THE FAKE MAPS OF ATLANTIS.
THE *RING*? THAT'LL COST YOU DEARLY.
THE HELL IT WILL. DON'T FORGET YOU STILL *OWE* ME, OLD MAN.
HERE. PUT THIS ON. IT'LL PROTECT YOU.
NOW COME HERE...
KILDARE, MY LOVE...
OH, THOMAS.
WHOA.
NOW THAT'S WHAT I CALL A *KISS*.

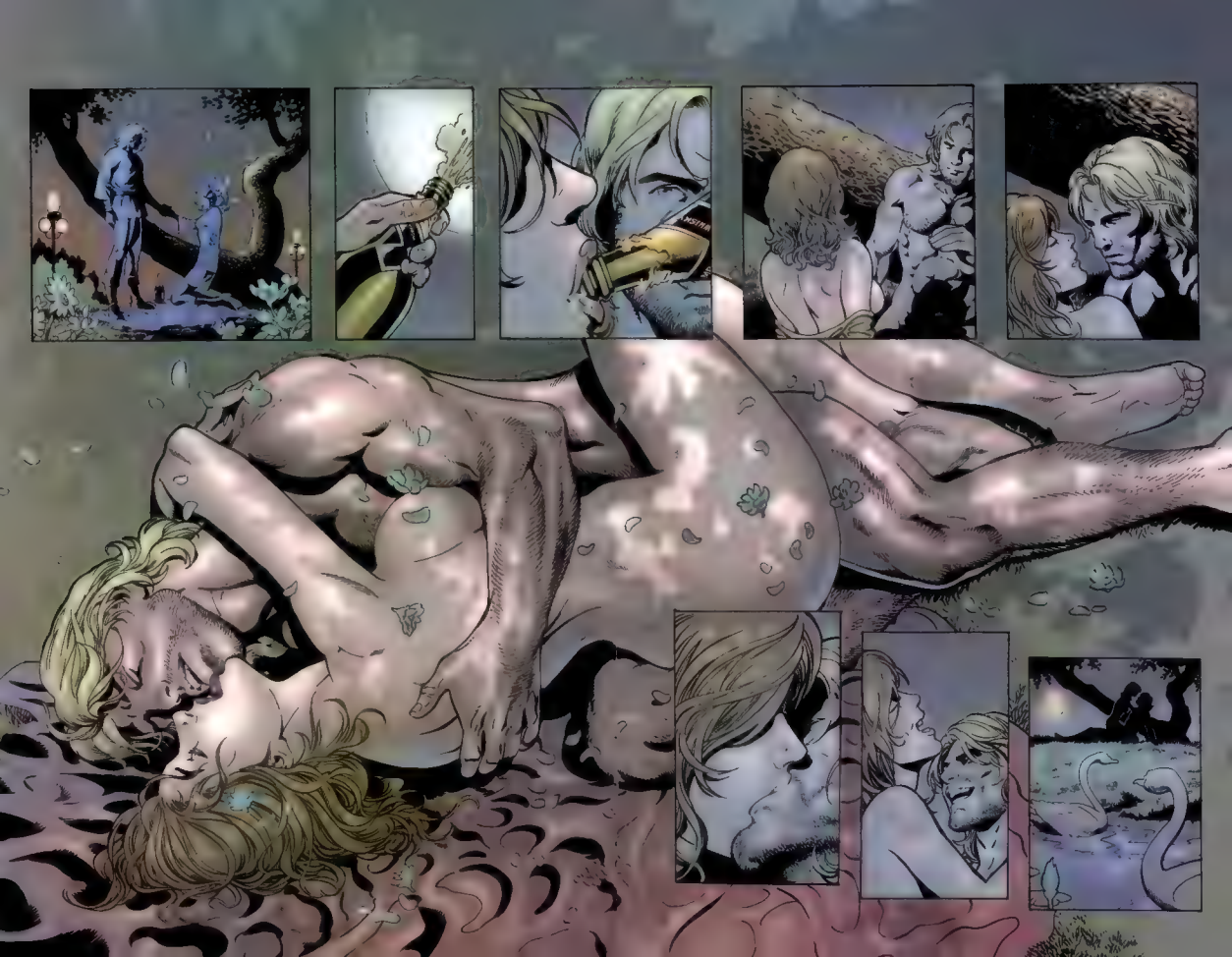
MMMMMMMM
HEY! KNOCK IT OFF!
LET'S GIVE THEM A MINUTE TO THEMSELVES. BESIDES, YOU'RE TOO YOUNG TO BE WATCHING THIS.


SO WHY DID YOU LEAVE ME?
I DON'T KNOW. I GUESS IT'S WHAT I DO.
BUT I CAME BACK FOR YOU. I SWEAR I DID. BUT BY THEN, YOU HAD GONE.
I WENT LOOKING FOR *YOU*.
NOW YOU'VE FOUND ME
EIGHT HUNDRED *YEARS*, YOU SAY? I CAN'T FATHOM IT.
TIME MOVES DIFFERENT BETWEEN WORLDS, ESPECIALLY IF YOU DON'T KNOW WHERE YOU'RE GOING. DON'T WORRY. YOU'LL ADJUST SOON ENOUGH.
SODDING *BEER'S* BETTER, I'LL GRANT YOU THAT
SO WHAT'S IT ALL ABOUT, ALFIE? WHY THE SERIOUS BROW?
THOMAS IS A 12TH CENTURY KNIGHT? AND KILDARE IS A 900-YEAR-OLD FAERIE PRINCESS WHO WOOED HIM BACK TO HER HOMELAND?
YOU'RE PULLING MY LEG AGAIN. I DON'T BELIEVE IT.
BELIEVE WHAT YOU WANT, ALFIE
CHRIST. I'D GIVE MY *RIGHT EYE* TO LEARN *REAL MAGIC*.

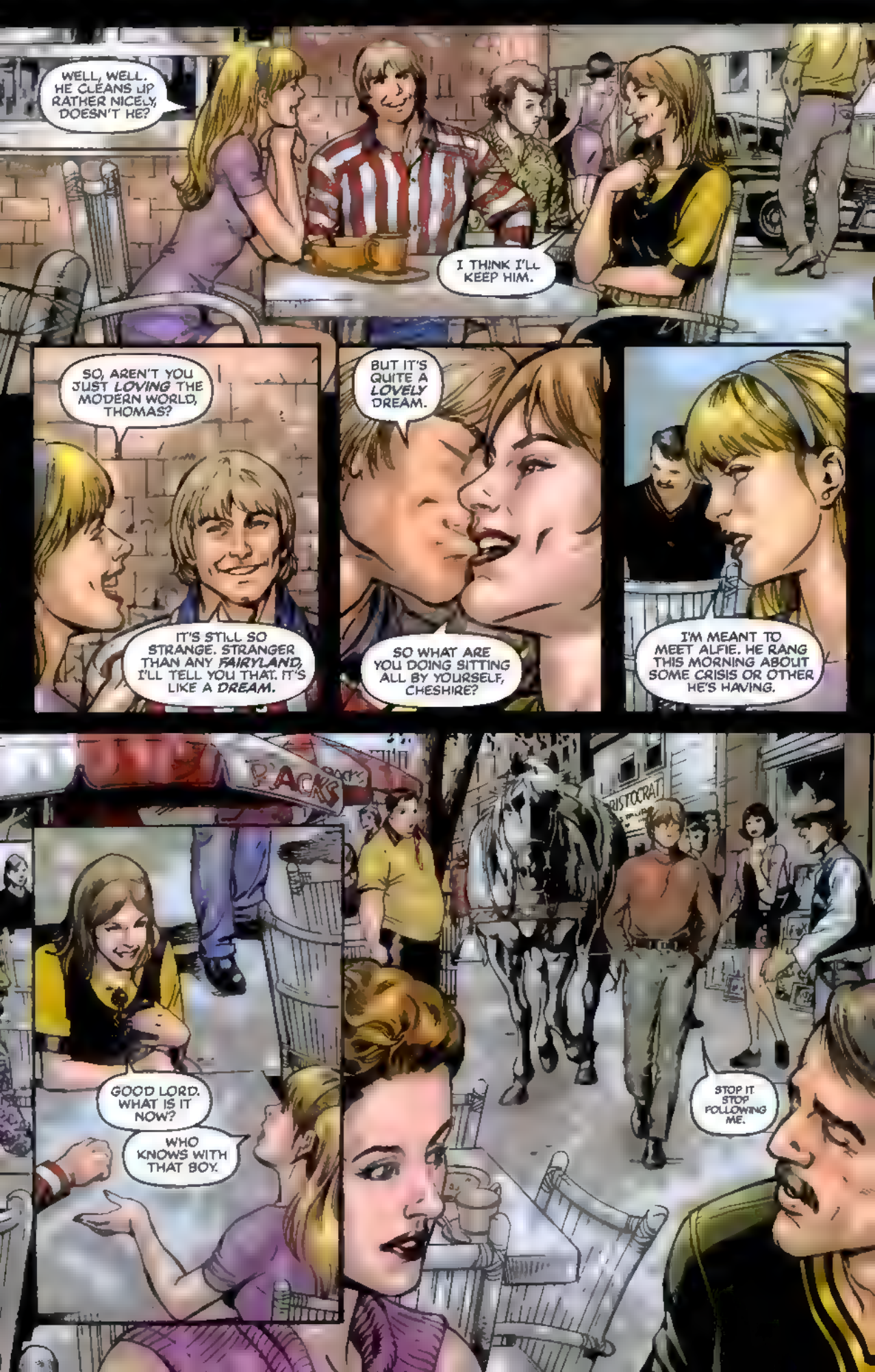
GIVE US SOME CHANGE, LUV. I'M OFF TO THE JUKEBOX.
NONE OF THAT DONOVAN CRAP, ALL RIGHT?
SHUSH.
I'M SERIOUS. "SUNSHINE SUPERMAN" MY ARSE
HULLO, SYD. HOW'S THE MAD BARD OF THE UFO CLUB? SCRIBBLING AWAY AGAIN ARE WE?
MMM-HMM BEATEOUS AND STRANGE ... THE WINDS OF WILD CHANGE .. WHISTLING DOWN DRAINPIPES HA-HA, HEE-HEE!
I SEE. THE MADCAP LAUGHS, DOES HE?
MADCAP LAUGHS... THAT'S RATHER GOOD...
IT REALLY IS GOOD TO SEE YOU AGAIN.
TOO MANY TEAR-DROPS...FOR ONE HEART...TO BE CRY-IN...
GOOD GOD! WHAT IS THAT AWFUL DIN?
RELAX THOMAS. IT'S JUST MUSIC.
YOU'RE JOKING.
DON'T WORRY, DARLING. YOU'LL GET USED TO IT.
YOU'RE GONNA CRY... NINETY-SIX TEARS. CRY-CRY-CRY... NINETY-SIX TEE-YAHS...

HAS THE WHOLE BLOODY COUNTRY GONE MAD?
JUST A STREET CARNIVAL. IT'S ALL IN GOOD FUN. SURELY YOU HAD THINGS LIKE THIS IN YOUR DAY.
NO. WE HAD THE PLAGUE
WELL, I'D BEST GET HOME BEFORE MY MUM STARTS RINGING THE POLICE. IT WAS GOOD MEETING YOU, THOMAS. GOOD LUCK.
THANK YOU, ALFRED.
SO WHERE TO NOW? THE MARQUEE? THE UFO? ELECTRIC BALLROOM? WHAT DO YOU SAY, KIDS?
FINE. I CAN TAKE A HINT. I SUPPOSE YOU COULD USE A LITTLE PRIVATE TIME.
THANK YOU, CHESHIRE

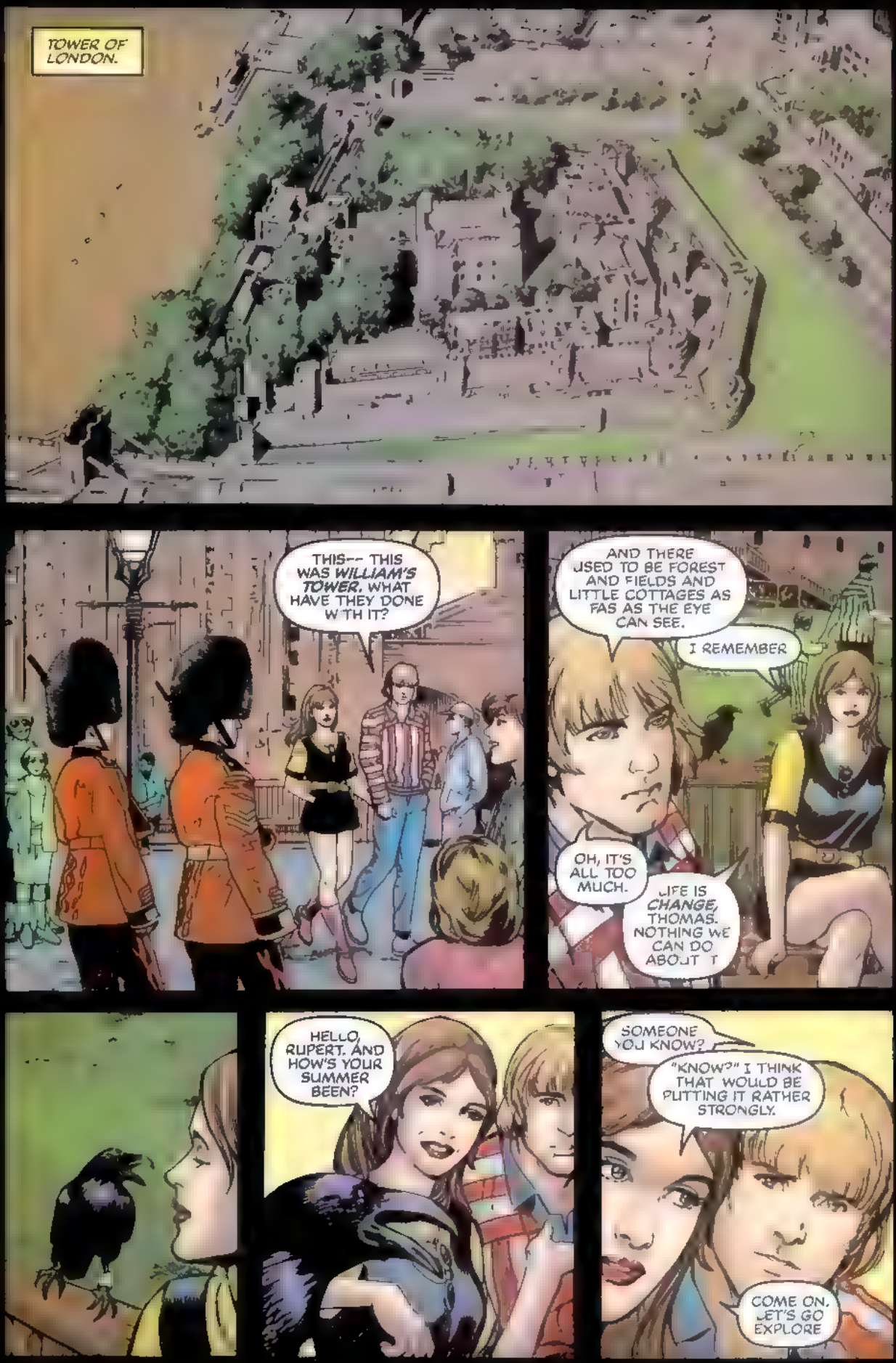
THOUGHT YOU MIGHT ENJOY A LITTLE PEACE AND QUIET.
EIGHT HUNDRED YEARS, YOU SAY.
GIVE OR TAKE
WELL, MY LADY, I'D SAY IT WAS WORTH THE WAIT.
AH! NOW, THIS IS MORE LIKE IT.

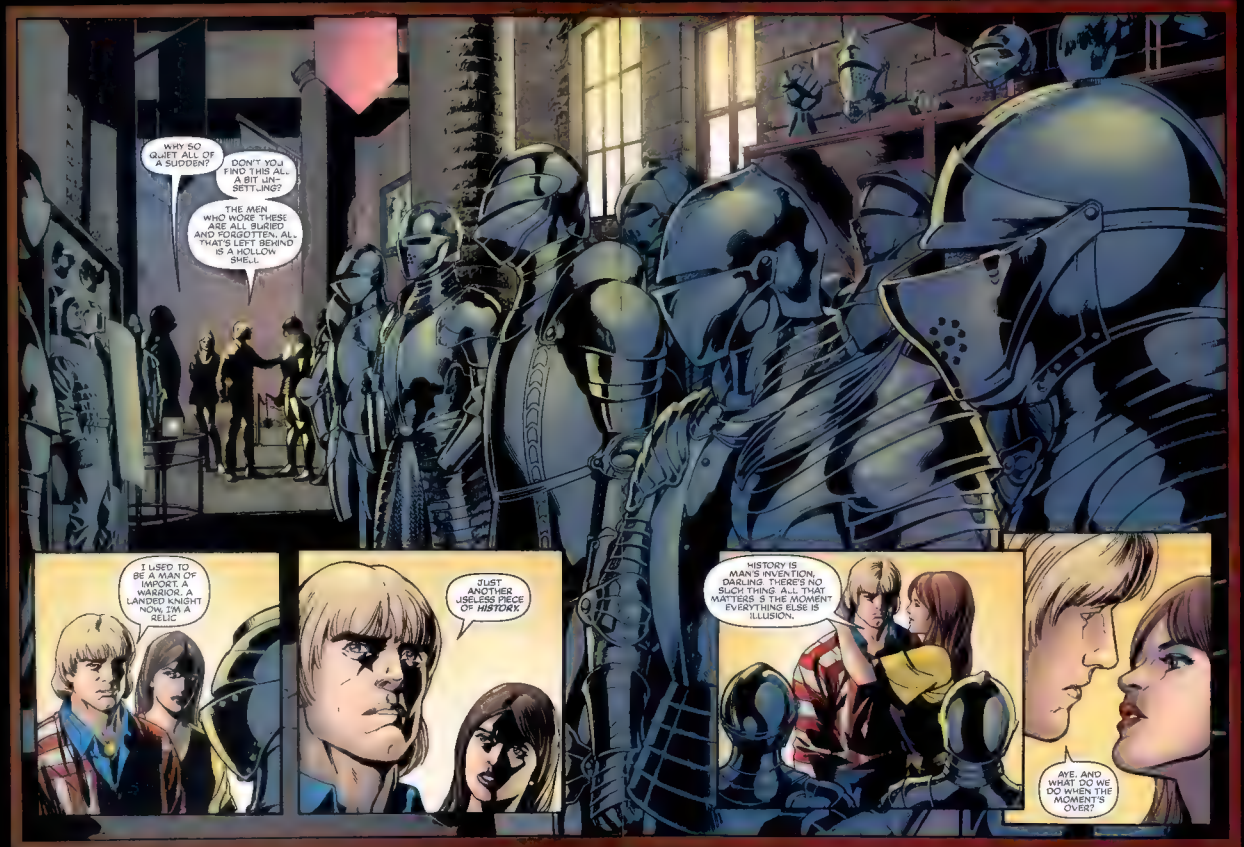


COME ON, HANDSOME. DON'T BE SHY LET THE WORLD SEE THAT GORGEOUS FACE.
Lord John
Lord John
IT FEELS STRANGE... MY FACE SCRAPED CLEAN LIKE A BOY'S. I DON'T KNOW, KILDARE.
DON'T BE SILLY. YOU LOOK FABULOUS.
I DO?
OH MY GOD!
BRIAN JONES
I DO.
ISN'T THAT YOUR FRIEND?
CHESHIRE!
HELLO, DARLINGS.


WELL, WELL. HE CLEANS UP RATHER NICELY, DOESN'T HE?
I THINK I'LL KEEP HIM.
SO, AREN'T YOU JUST *LOVING* THE MODERN WORLD, THOMAS?
IT'S STILL SO STRANGE. STRANGER THAN ANY *FAIRYLAND*, I'LL TELL YOU THAT. IT'S LIKE A *DREAM*.
BUT IT'S QUITE A *LOVELY* DREAM.
SO WHAT ARE YOU DOING SITTING ALL BY YOURSELF, CHESHIRE?
I'M MEANT TO MEET ALFIE. HE RANG THIS MORNING ABOUT SOME CRISIS OR OTHER HE'S HAVING.
GOOD LORD. WHAT IS IT NOW?
WHO KNOWS WITH THAT BOY.
STOP IT STOP FOLLOWING ME.

BILL!
ALF E? WHAT ARE YOU DOING WITH THOMAS' HORSE? I THOUGHT THE KAISER WAS WATCHING IT
YEAH. I, UH, SORT OF RAN BY THERE EARLIER. I TRIED A LITTLE... UM, A LITTLE SPELL ON HIM. TO TALK TO HIM, LIKE BUT IT DIDN'T QUITE WORK.
NOW THE DUMB BEAST WON'T STOP FOLLOWING ME
BILL! COME HERE, BOY!
SEE?
BILL! BILL!
I CAN'T GET RID OF HIM.
YOU-- YOU BROKE MY HORSE.
HEY! GET THAT FILTHY ANIMAL AWAY FROM MY CAFE. YOU'RE SCARING THE CUSTOMERS.
JUST GRAND.
CHESHIRE, DO YOU THINK ..?
FINE. I'LL HANDLE IT. YOU TWO LOVEBIRDS RUN ALONG NOW
WE'RE REALLY VERY SORRY, SIR. I HOPE WE'RE NOT DISTURBING YOU.
NO. NO. EVERYTHING'S FINE. NO WORRIES.


TOWER OF LONDON.
THIS-- THIS WAS WILLIAM'S TOWER. WHAT HAVE THEY DONE WITH IT?
AND THERE USED TO BE FOREST AND FIELDS AND LITTLE COTTAGES AS FAS AS THE EYE CAN SEE.
I REMEMBER
OH, IT'S ALL TOO MUCH.
LIFE IS CHANGE, THOMAS. NOTHING WE CAN DO ABOUT T
HELLO, RUPERT. AND HOW'S YOUR SUMMER BEEN?
SOMEONE YOU KNOW?
"KNOW?" I THINK THAT WOULD BE PUTTING IT RATHER STRONGLY.
COME ON. LET'S GO EXPLORE


WHY SO QUIET ALL OF A SUDDEN?
DON'T YOU FIND THIS AL, A BIT UN-SETT..ING?
THE MEN WHO WORE THESE ARE ALL BURIED AND FORGOTTEN, AL. THAT'S LEFT BEHIND IS A HOLLOW SHELL.
I USED TO BE A MAN OF IMPORT. A WARRIOR. A LANDED KNIGHT NOW, I'M A RELIC
JUST ANOTHER USELESS PIECE OF HISTORY.
HISTORY IS MAN'S INVENTION, DARLING. THERE'S NO SUCH THING AS IT. THAT MATTERS IS THE MOMENT EVERYTHING ELSE IS ILLUSION.
AYE. AND WHAT DO WE DO WHEN THE MOMENT'S OVER?

HONESTLY, KILDARE...
I DON'T KNOW IF I'LL *EVER* GET USED TO THIS BLOODY PLACE.

ARIA
SUMMER'S SPELL

LONDON,
THE SUMMER OF 1966

The air is electrified with music, the streets are bursting with color, and everywhere you look, Youth is king. Into this strange and brave new world, a wayward knight comes looking for his long lost love: Lady Kildare of the Faerie. Blissfully reunited, the expatriate Fairy Princess helps the time-lost Sir Thomas adapt to the mad whirl of life in the 20th century, a life of motorcars, rock clubs and pop art "happenings." It has been said that love conquers all, but Kildare must learn the hard way that, unlike her, not everyone is meant to live forever.

DIRECT SALES
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Summer's Spell

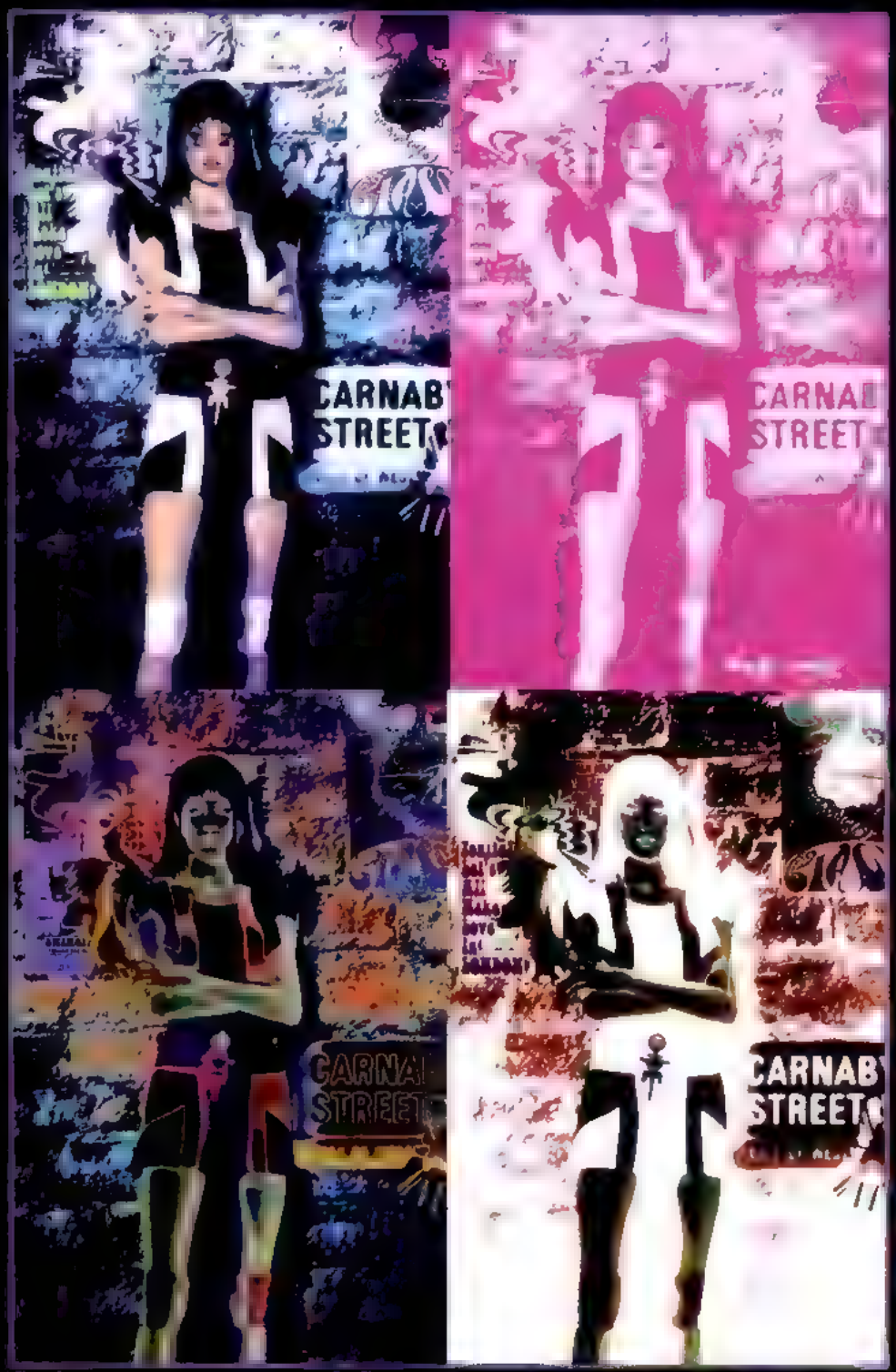

Image Comics Presents

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Letters
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Brian Haberlin
and
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Publisher
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Art Direction
Doug Griffith

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Marketing
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Director of
Production
[illegible]

Controller
Traci Hall

[illegible]

Sean O'Brien

LONDON'S BRILLIANT PARADE

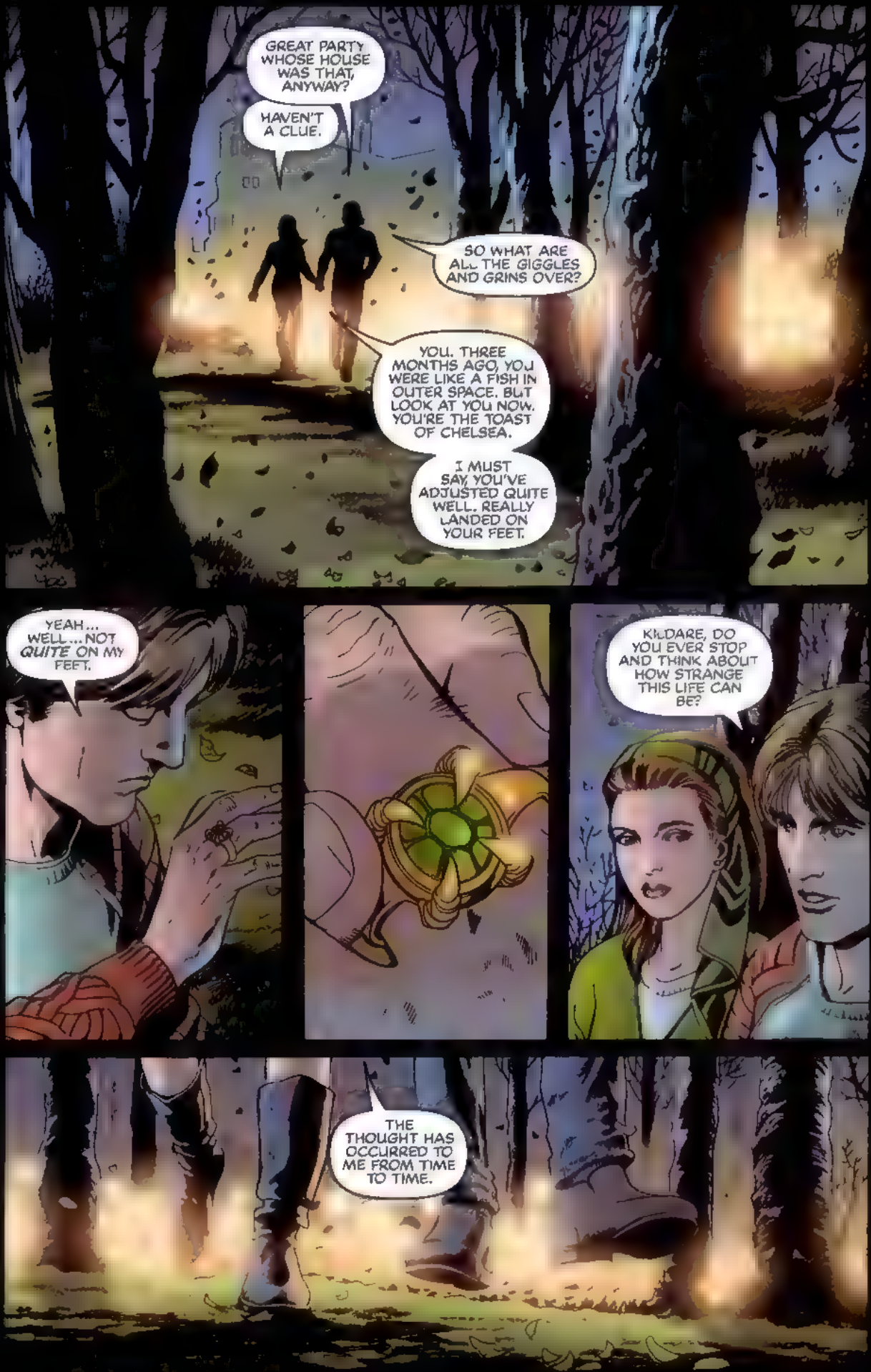
WELL THEN, LET'S GIVE IT A GO.
FOCUS... CENTER THE MIND... PICTURE THE FIRE...
...
BRILLIANT! THAT WAS BLOODY
OH SHIT!
ALFIE!
YEAH, MUM?
WHAT'S THAT RACKET? WHAT ARE YOU DOING IN THERE?
UH... NOTHING, MUM.

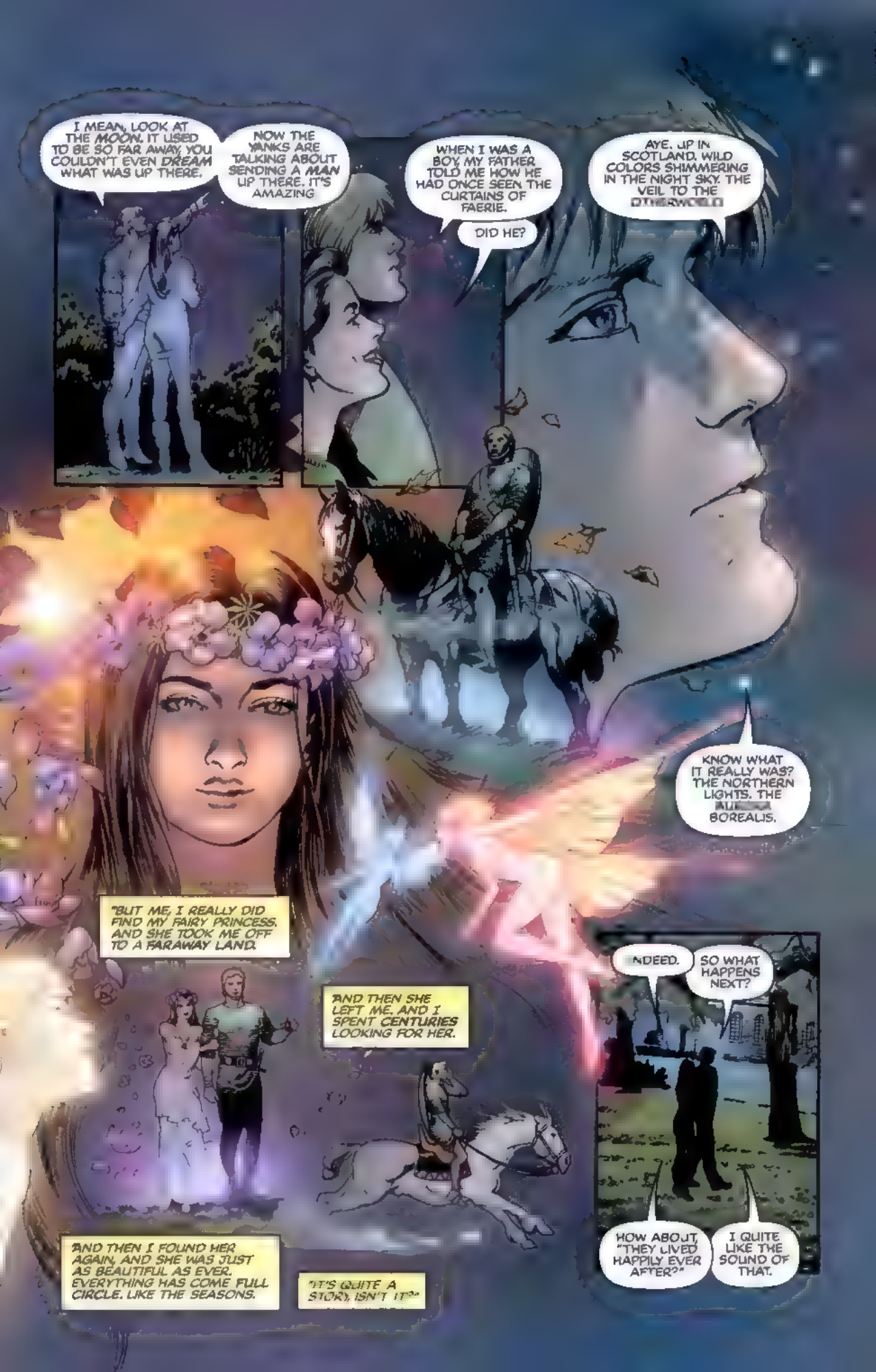
LONDON AUGUST, 1966.
OH! DID I TELL YOU? I GOT A LETTER FROM PUG LAST WEEK. HE'S BEEN RIDING A MOTORBIKE ACROSS AMERICA.
HE'S IN CALIFORNIA NOW. SOMEPLACE CALLED HATE-SOMETHING-OR-OTHER.
HAIGHT-ASHBURY?
I THINK THAT'S RIGHT.
IT'S IN SAN FRANCISCO. THEY SAY IT'S THE NEXT GREENWICH VILLAGE, BUT I HAVE MY DOUBTS. NOTHING COMPARES TO NEW YORK IF YOU ASK ME.

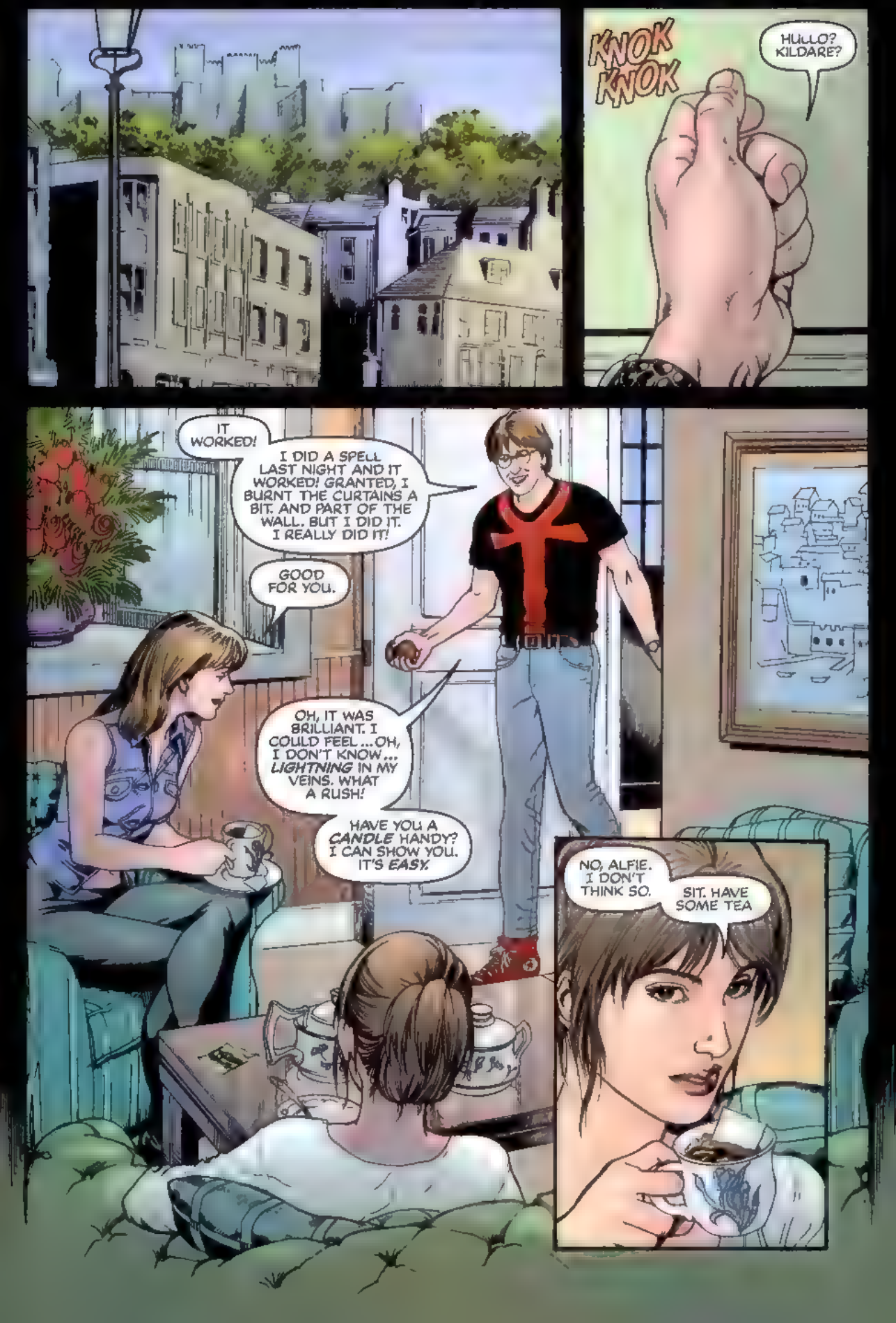
I ALWAYS WANTED TO SEE AMERICA. IT SEEMS SO ROMANTIC, SO DREAM-LIKE.
YOU'VE NEVER BEEN? I'M SURPRISED.
KILDY'S STILL CONVINCED THAT LONDON IS THE CENTER OF THE UNIVERSE
AS OPPOSED TO CHESHIRE, WHO'S CERTAIN SHE IS THE CENTER OF THE UNIVERSE.
EXACTLY
WELL, THOMAS AND I HAVE BEEN THINKING ABOUT TAKING A TRIP.
SPEAKING OF WHICH, WHERE IS THAT HANDSOME DEVIL OF YOURS?
HIS "MAJESTY" IS INSIDE HOLDING COURT, I IMAGINE HE'S TURNED INTO QUITE THE SOCIAL BUTTERFLY

...MAN FOR ALL SEASONS. BRILLIANT TITLE, EH? HAVE YOU SEEN IT? A MAN FOR ALL SEASONS?
NO, NOT YET. I'VE HEARD IT'S QUITE GOOD.
OH, IT'S FANTASTIC. YOU MUST GO. THIS BLOKE, THOMAS MORE... HAVE YOU HEARD OF HIM?
WHAT A STUBBORN BASTARD. BUT IN A GOOD WAY. VERY HEROIC. AND THE COLOUR! OH, IT'S FANTASTIC.
THE CINEMA IS TRULY A WONDER. IT'S LIKE LOOKING INTO SOMEONE ELSE'S DREAMS. MUCH BETTER THAN THE TELLY. I THINK.

MICK! YOU WICKED, WICKED LAD! GET OVER HERE!
TOMMY-ME-BOY! DID YOU SEE THE CUP FINALS? COULD YOU BELIEVE IT?
FOUR-TWO IN EXTRA TIME.
HAT TRICK FOR HURST!
AND ALL ON ENGLISH SOIL!
TO NINETEEN HUNDRED AND SIXTY-SIX, LADS! THE ANNO MIRABILIS OF ENGLISH FOOTBALL
HI, MARIANNE. STILL FAITHFUL, ARE YE?
HELLO, THOMAS
HI, HANDSOME. ENJOYING YOURSELF?
EVERY MINUTE, LOVE. EVERY MINUTE


GREAT PARTY WHOSE HOUSE WAS THAT, ANYWAY?
HAVEN'T A CLUE.
SO WHAT ARE ALL THE GIGGLES AND GRINS OVER?
YOU. THREE MONTHS AGO, YOU WERE LIKE A FISH IN OUTER SPACE. BUT LOOK AT YOU NOW. YOU'RE THE TOAST OF CHELSEA.
I MUST SAY, YOU'VE ADJUSTED QUITE WELL. REALLY LANDED ON YOUR FEET.
YEAH... WELL... NOT QUITE ON MY FEET.
KILDARE, DO YOU EVER STOP AND THINK ABOUT HOW STRANGE THIS LIFE CAN BE?
THE THOUGHT HAS OCCURRED TO ME FROM TIME TO TIME.


I MEAN, LOOK AT THE MOON. IT USED TO BE SO FAR AWAY, YOU COULDN'T EVEN DREAM WHAT WAS UP THERE.
NOW THE YANKS ARE TALKING ABOUT SENDING A MAN UP THERE. IT'S AMAZING
WHEN I WAS A BOY, MY FATHER TOLD ME HOW HE HAD ONCE SEEN THE CURTAINS OF FAERIE.
DID HE?
AYE. UP IN SCOTLAND. WILD COLORS SHIMMERING IN THE NIGHT SKY. THE VEIL TO THE OTHERWORLD
KNOW WHAT IT REALLY WAS? THE NORTHERN LIGHTS. THE AURORA BOREALIS.
"BUT ME, I REALLY DID FIND MY FAIRY PRINCESS. AND SHE TOOK ME OFF TO A FARAWAY LAND.
AND THEN SHE LEFT ME. AND I SPENT CENTURIES LOOKING FOR HER.
AND THEN I FOUND HER AGAIN, AND SHE WAS JUST AS BEAUTIFUL AS EVER. EVERYTHING HAS COME FULL CIRCLE. LIKE THE SEASONS.
"IT'S QUITE A STORY, ISN'T IT?"
INDEED.
SO WHAT HAPPENS NEXT?
HOW ABOUT, "THEY LIVED HAPPILY EVER AFTER?"
I QUITE LIKE THE SOUND OF THAT.


KNOK KNOK
HULLO? KILDARE?
IT WORKED!
I DID A SPELL LAST NIGHT AND IT WORKED! GRANTED, I BURNT THE CURTAINS A BIT. AND PART OF THE WALL. BUT I DID IT. I REALLY DID IT!
GOOD FOR YOU.
OH, IT WAS BRILLIANT. I COULD FEEL ...OH, I DON'T KNOW... *LIGHTNING* IN MY VEINS. WHAT A RUSH!
HAVE YOU A *CANDLE* HANDY? I CAN SHOW YOU. IT'S *EASY.*
NO, ALFIE. I DON'T THINK SO.
SIT. HAVE SOME TEA

THANKS.
ANYWAY, IT WAS ABSOLUTELY *FLASH*. THE FLAME WENT, OH, FIVE FEET IN THE AIR MAYBE. FIVE FEET EASY.
WHY DON'T YOU JUST INVEST IN A GOOD LIGHTER, LIKE A SENSIBLE BOY, ALFIE?

OH SHUT UP, CHESHIRE. WHERE'S THE *FUN* IN THAT?
ANYWAY, KILDARE. I WANTED TO BEG A FAVOR.

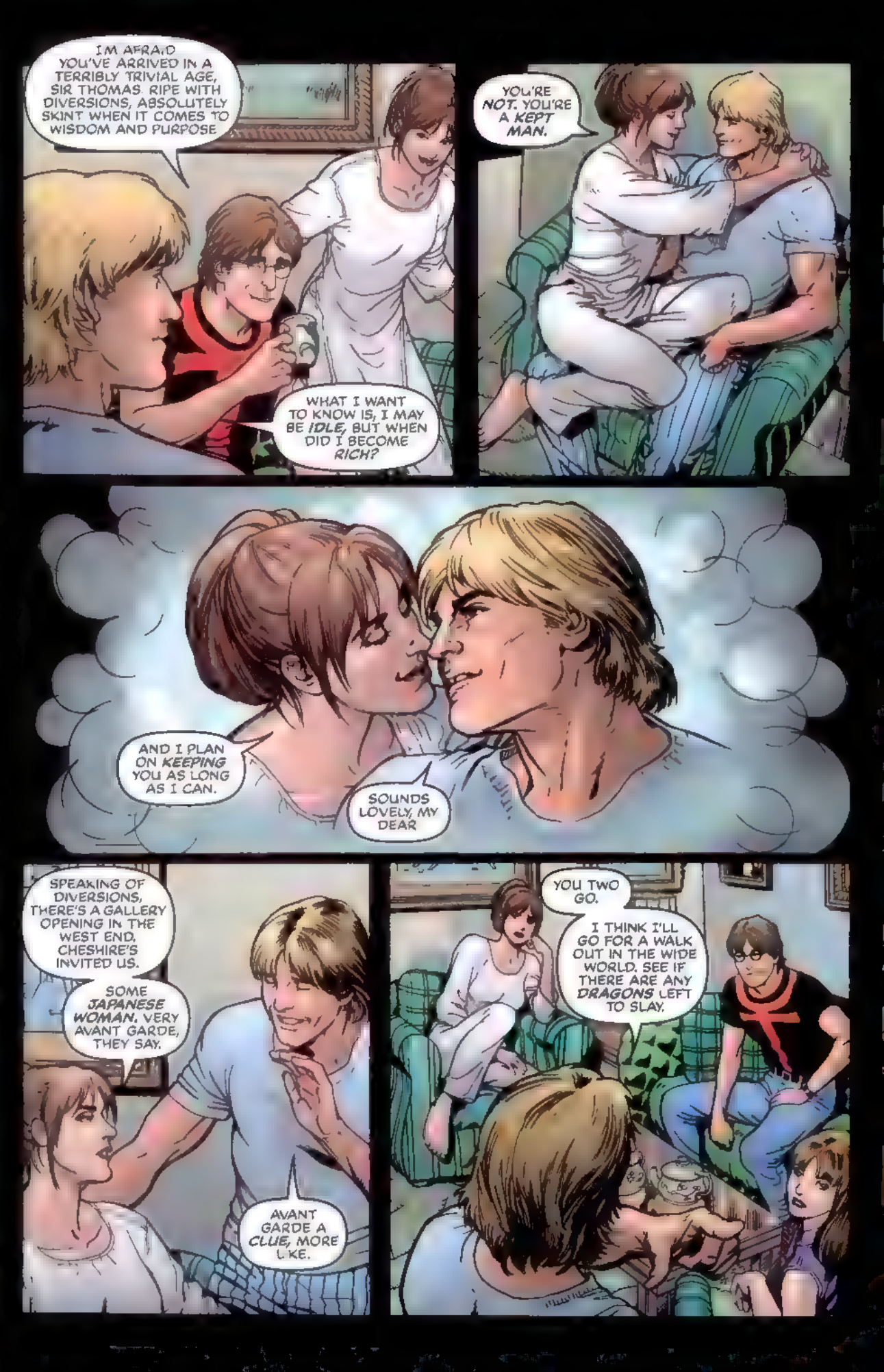
I WAS WONDERING IF I COULD BORROW A FEW OF YOUR BOOKS. YOUR MAGIC BOOKS I MEAN.
SEE, MINE ARE ALL MOSTLY CRAP. BOUGHT THEM SECOND-HAND IN OXFORD STREET AND...
SORRY, I NEVER LEND BOOKS.

NEVER?
NEVER. LONG STANDING POLICY, I'M AFRAID.
OH.

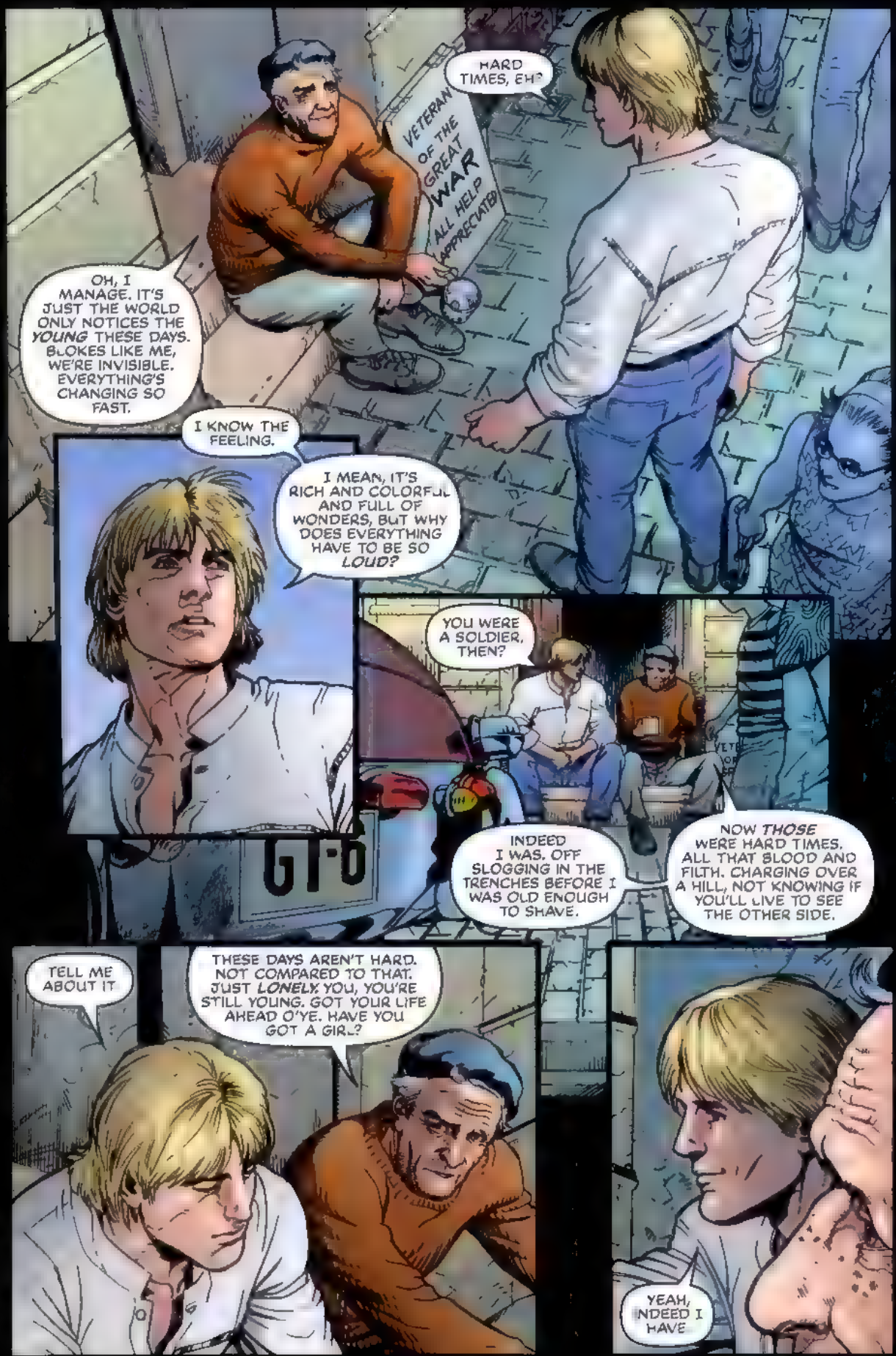
BUT... IF YOU'RE NICE, I MIGHT LET YOU LOOK THROUGH SOME OF THEM HERE. COPY DOWN THE BITS YOU LIKE.

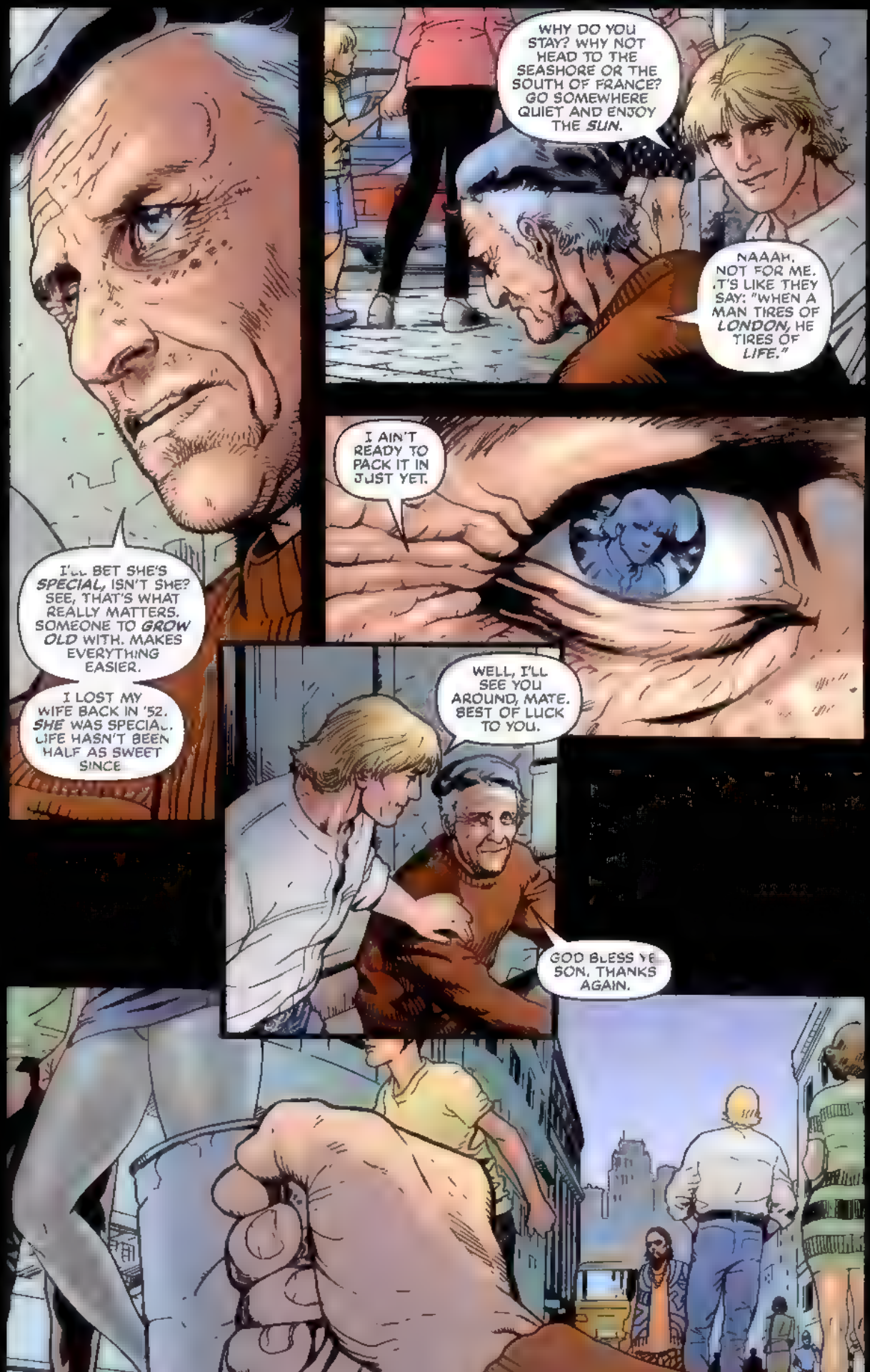
REALLY? OH, THAT WOULD BE *FAB!*

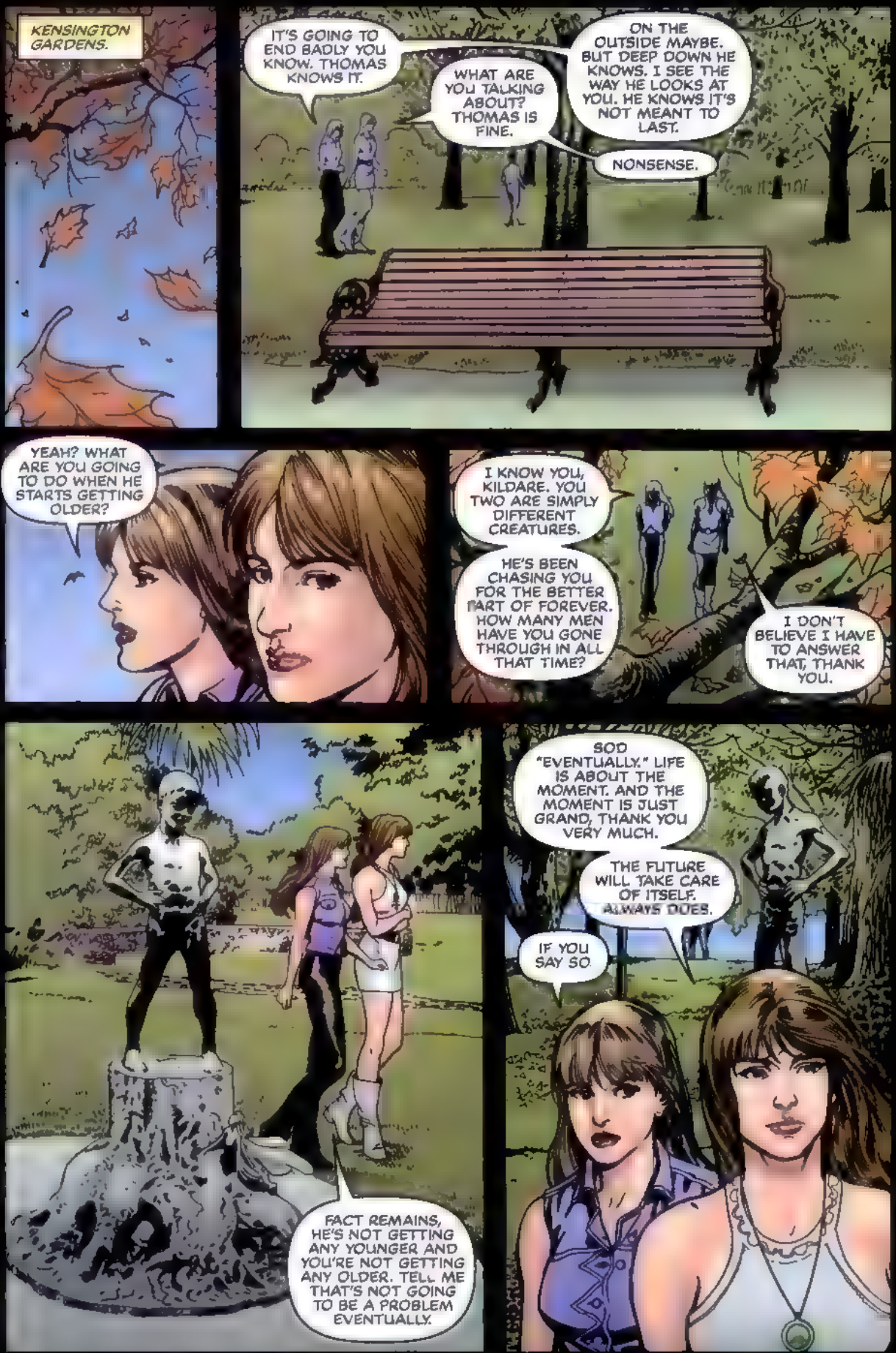
GOOD AFTERNOON, SLEEPING BEAUTY.
HALF THE DAY IS GONE. WHY DIDN'T YOU WAKE ME?
YOU LOOKED SO CONTENT SLEEPING. BESIDES, IT DOES A MAN GOOD TO DREAM.
UGHN! I'M GROWING TOO SOFT. THIS TIME NEXT YEAR, I'LL BE FAT AS A COW. THERE'S GOT TO BE SOMETHING MORE PRODUCTIVE TO DO.
SOMETHING MORE THAN COCKTAIL PARTIES AND MUSIC CLUBS AND WATCHING THE AVENGERS ON THE TELLY
AH... THE TRAGIC LAMENT OF THE IDLE RICH.
RIGHT. YOU'RE ONE TO TALK, CHESHIRE.


I'M AFRAID YOU'VE ARRIVED IN A TERRIBLY TRIVIAL AGE, SIR THOMAS. RIPE WITH DIVERSIONS, ABSOLUTELY SKINT WHEN IT COMES TO WISDOM AND PURPOSE
WHAT I WANT TO KNOW IS, I MAY BE *IDLE*, BUT WHEN DID I BECOME *RICH*?
YOU'RE *NOT*. YOU'RE A *KEPT MAN*.
AND I PLAN ON *KEEPING* YOU AS LONG AS I CAN.
SOUNDS LOVELY, MY DEAR
SPEAKING OF DIVERSIONS, THERE'S A GALLERY OPENING IN THE WEST END. CHESHIRE'S INVITED US.
SOME *JAPANESE WOMAN*. VERY AVANT GARDE, THEY SAY.
AVANT GARDE A *CLUE*, MORE LIKE.
YOU TWO GO.
I THINK I'LL GO FOR A WALK OUT IN THE WIDE WORLD. SEE IF THERE ARE ANY *DRAGONS* LEFT TO SLAY.

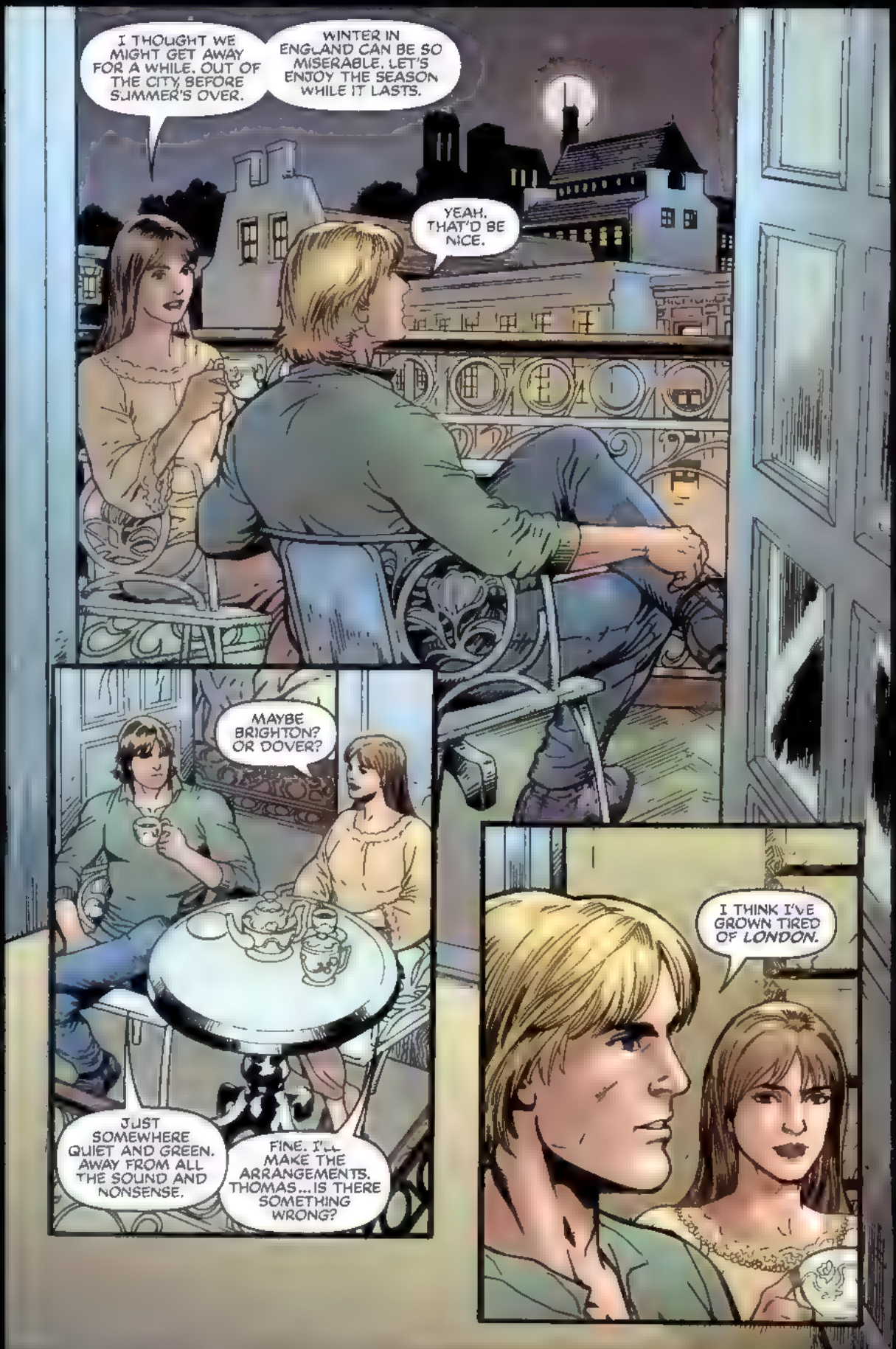
VETERAN OF THE GREAT WAR
HERE YOU GO, MATE.
CHEERS. FINE YOUNG MAN, YOU ARE.

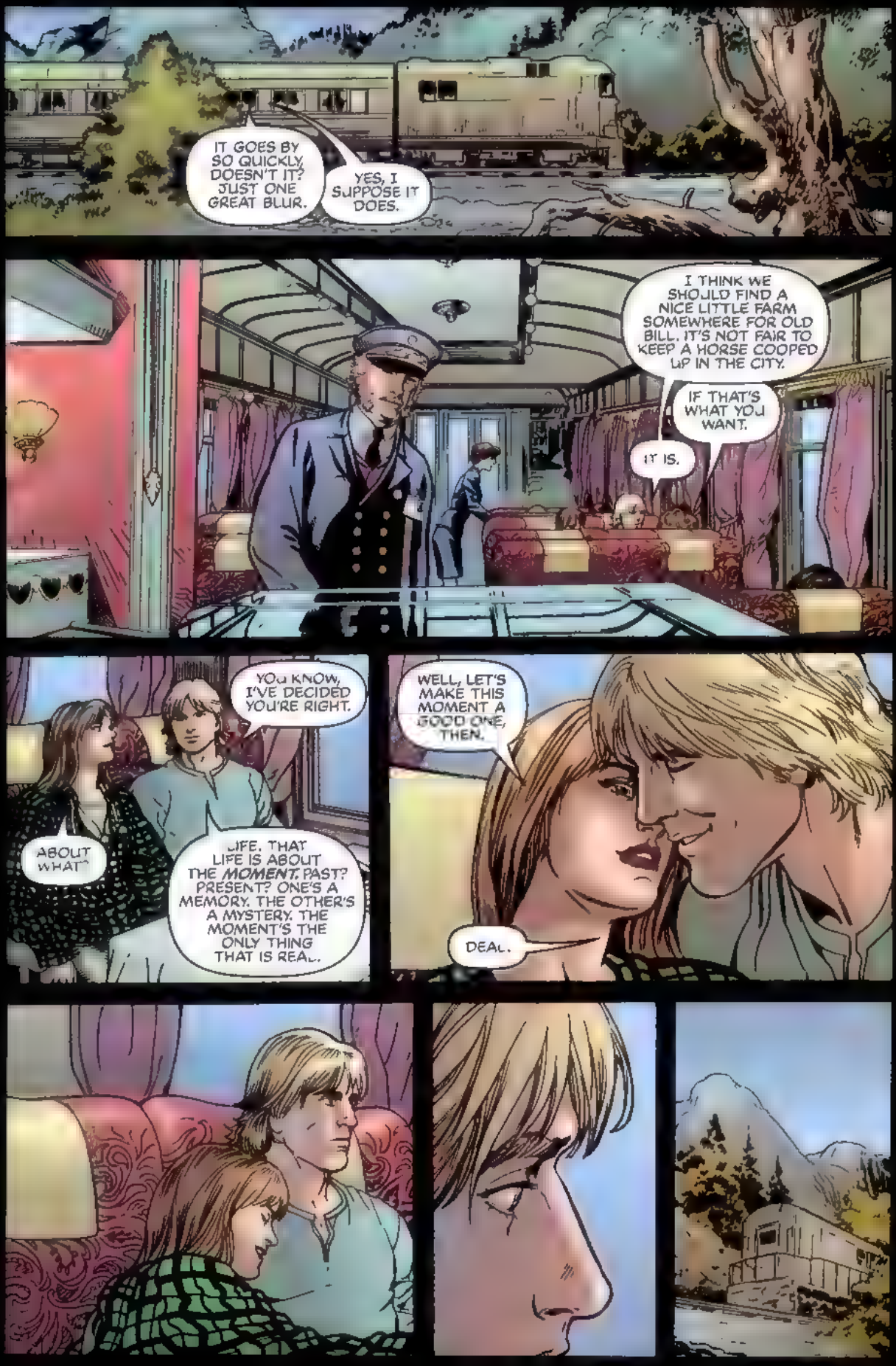

HARD TIMES, EH?
VETERAN OF THE GREAT WAR ALL HELP APPRECIATED
OH, I MANAGE. IT'S JUST THE WORLD ONLY NOTICES THE *YOUNG* THESE DAYS. BLOKES LIKE ME, WE'RE INVISIBLE. EVERYTHING'S CHANGING SO FAST.
I KNOW THE FEELING.
I MEAN, IT'S RICH AND COLORFUL AND FULL OF WONDERS, BUT WHY DOES EVERYTHING HAVE TO BE SO *LOUD*?
YOU WERE A SOLDIER, THEN?
INDEED I WAS. OFF SLOGGING IN THE TRENCHES BEFORE I WAS OLD ENOUGH TO SHAVE.
NOW *THOSE* WERE HARD TIMES. ALL THAT BLOOD AND FILTH. CHARGING OVER A HILL, NOT KNOWING IF YOU'LL LIVE TO SEE THE OTHER SIDE.
TELL ME ABOUT IT
THESE DAYS AREN'T HARD. NOT COMPARED TO THAT. JUST *LONELY*. YOU, YOU'RE STILL YOUNG. GOT YOUR LIFE AHEAD O'YE. HAVE YOU GOT A GIRL?
YEAH, INDEED I HAVE

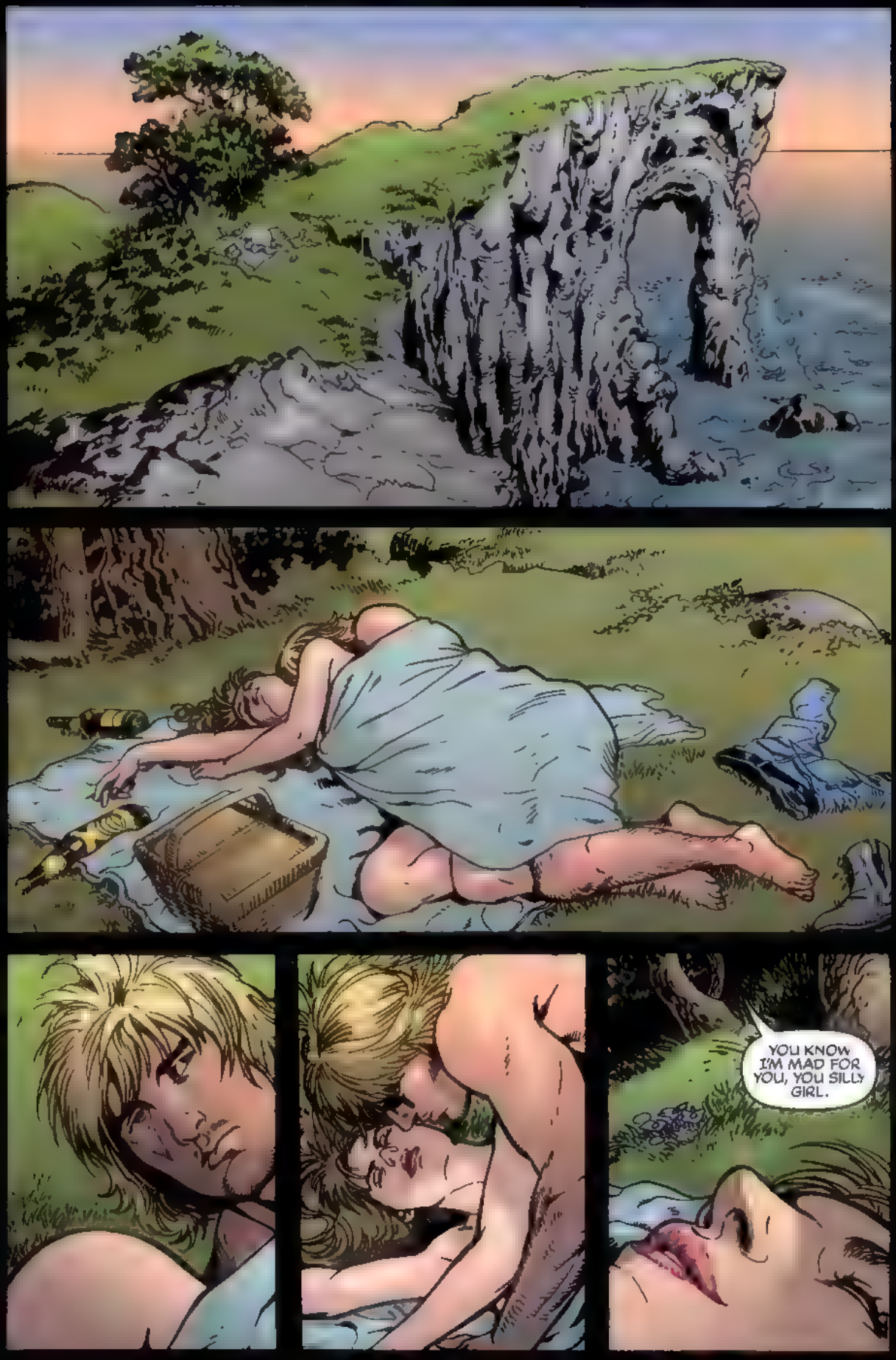

WHY DO YOU STAY? WHY NOT HEAD TO THE SEASHORE OR THE SOUTH OF FRANCE? GO SOMEWHERE QUIET AND ENJOY THE SUN.
NAAAH. NOT FOR ME. IT'S LIKE THEY SAY: "WHEN A MAN TIRES OF LONDON, HE TIRES OF LIFE."
I AIN'T READY TO PACK IT IN JUST YET.
I'LL BET SHE'S SPECIAL, ISN'T SHE? SEE, THAT'S WHAT REALLY MATTERS. SOMEONE TO GROW OLD WITH. MAKES EVERYTHING EASIER.
I LOST MY WIFE BACK IN '52. SHE WAS SPECIAL. LIFE HASN'T BEEN HALF AS SWEET SINCE
WELL, I'LL SEE YOU AROUND, MATE. BEST OF LUCK TO YOU.
GOD BLESS YE SON. THANKS AGAIN.

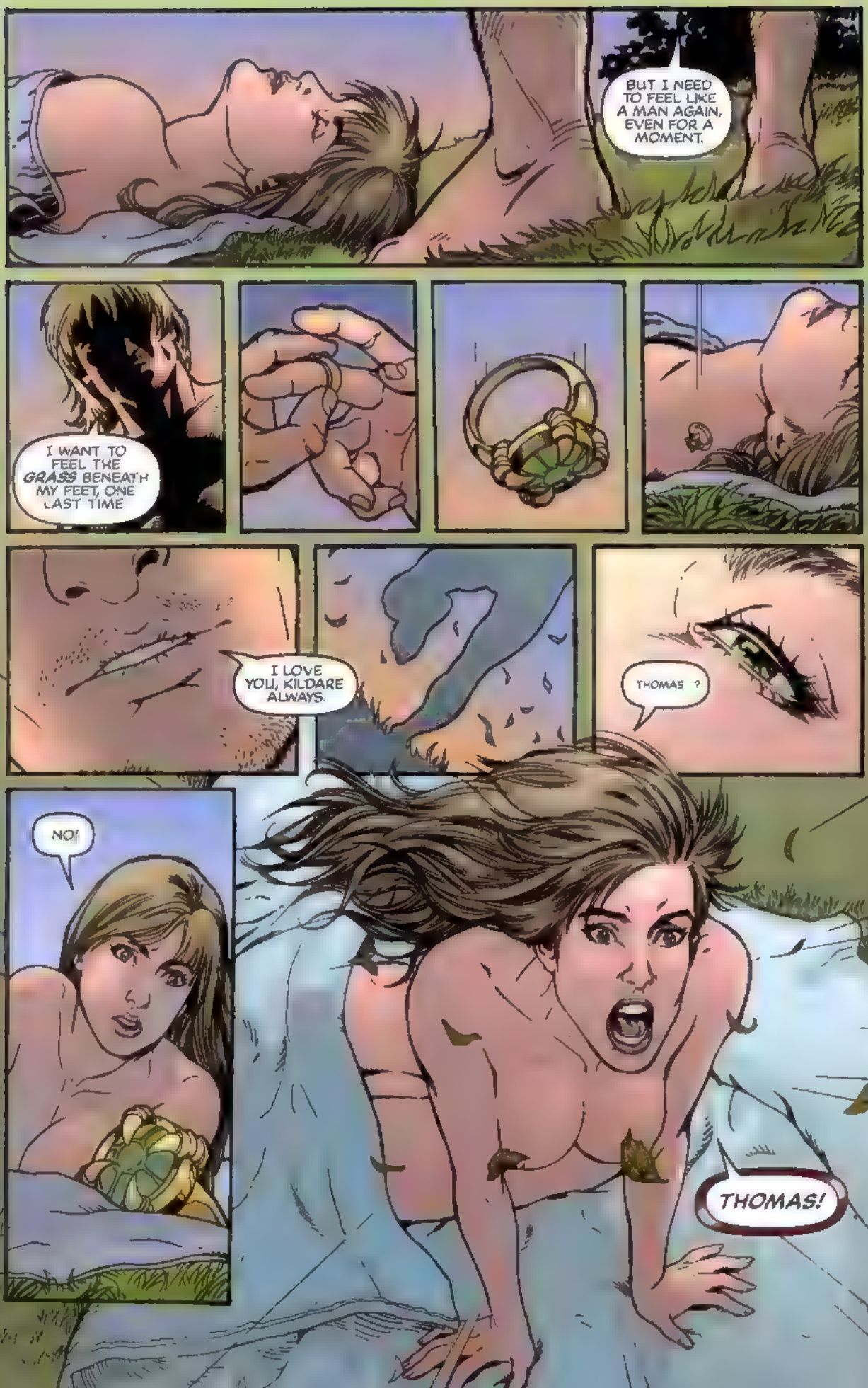

KENSINGTON GARDENS.
IT'S GOING TO END BADLY YOU KNOW. THOMAS KNOWS IT.
WHAT ARE YOU TALKING ABOUT? THOMAS IS FINE.
ON THE OUTSIDE MAYBE. BUT DEEP DOWN HE KNOWS. I SEE THE WAY HE LOOKS AT YOU. HE KNOWS IT'S NOT MEANT TO LAST.
NONSENSE.
YEAH? WHAT ARE YOU GOING TO DO WHEN HE STARTS GETTING OLDER?
I KNOW YOU, KILDARE. YOU TWO ARE SIMPLY DIFFERENT CREATURES.
HE'S BEEN CHASING YOU FOR THE BETTER PART OF FOREVER. HOW MANY MEN HAVE YOU GONE THROUGH IN ALL THAT TIME?
I DON'T BELIEVE I HAVE TO ANSWER THAT, THANK YOU.
FACT REMAINS, HE'S NOT GETTING ANY YOUNGER AND YOU'RE NOT GETTING ANY OLDER. TELL ME THAT'S NOT GOING TO BE A PROBLEM EVENTUALLY.
SOD "EVENTUALLY." LIFE IS ABOUT THE MOMENT. AND THE MOMENT IS JUST GRAND, THANK YOU VERY MUCH.
THE FUTURE WILL TAKE CARE OF ITSELF. ALWAYS DOES.
IF YOU SAY SO.

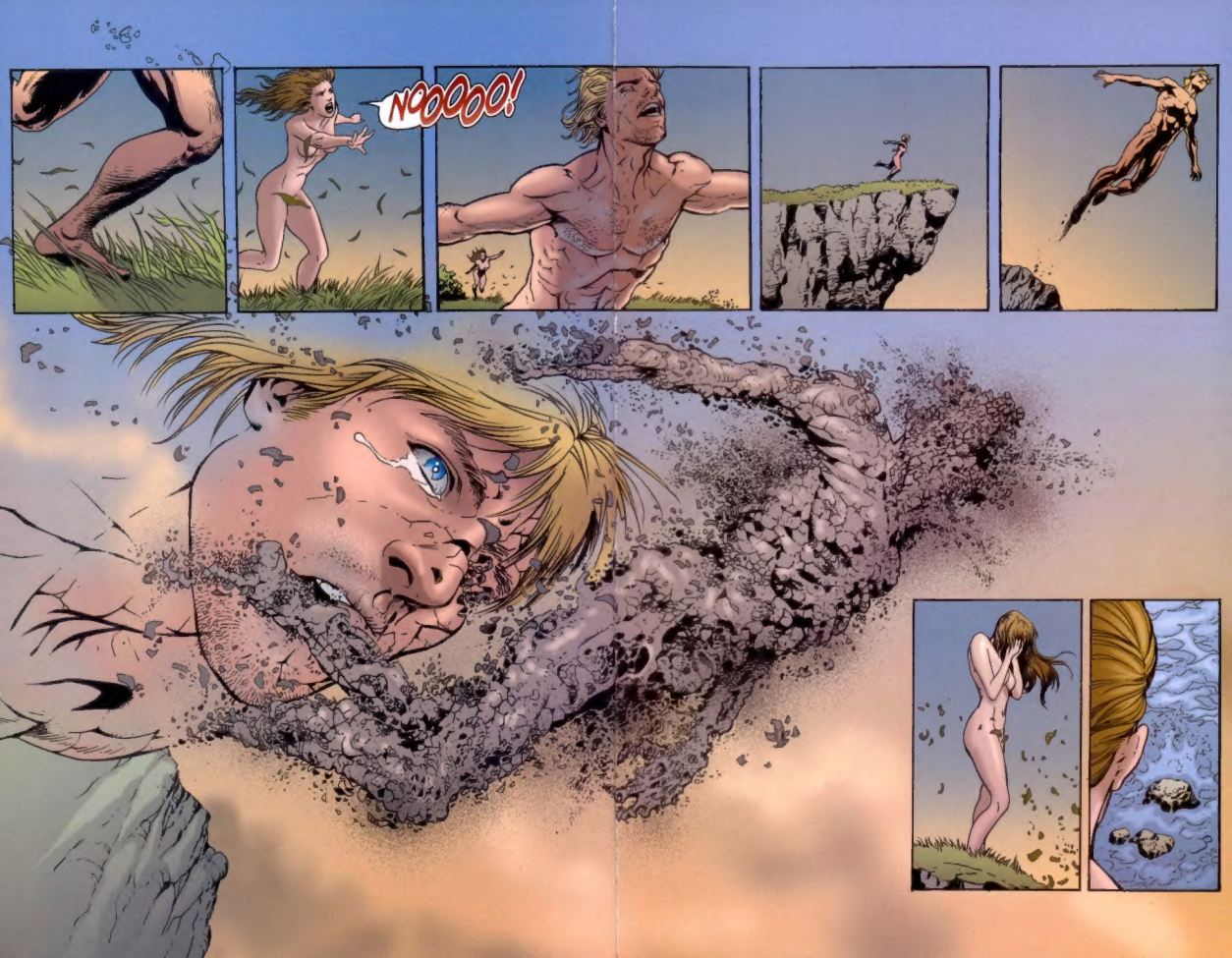
THE LEAVES ARE ALREADY TURNING.
IT'S GOING TO BE AN EARLY WINTER.
"TO EVERYTHING, THERE IS A SEASON... AND A TIME FOR EVERY PURPOSE UNDER HEAVEN."
WE'LL JUST HAVE TO SEE ABOUT THAT.
SO, WHEN DID YOU START QUOTING THE BIBLE, CHESHIRE?
THE BIBLE? I THOUGHT I WAS QUOTING THE BYRDS.


I THOUGHT WE MIGHT GET AWAY FOR A WHILE. OUT OF THE CITY, BEFORE SUMMER'S OVER.
WINTER IN ENGLAND CAN BE SO MISERABLE. LET'S ENJOY THE SEASON WHILE IT LASTS.
YEAH. THAT'D BE NICE.
MAYBE BRIGHTON? OR DOVER?
JUST SOMEWHERE QUIET AND GREEN. AWAY FROM ALL THE SOUND AND NONSENSE.
FINE. I'LL MAKE THE ARRANGEMENTS. THOMAS... IS THERE SOMETHING WRONG?
I THINK I'VE GROWN TIRED OF LONDON.

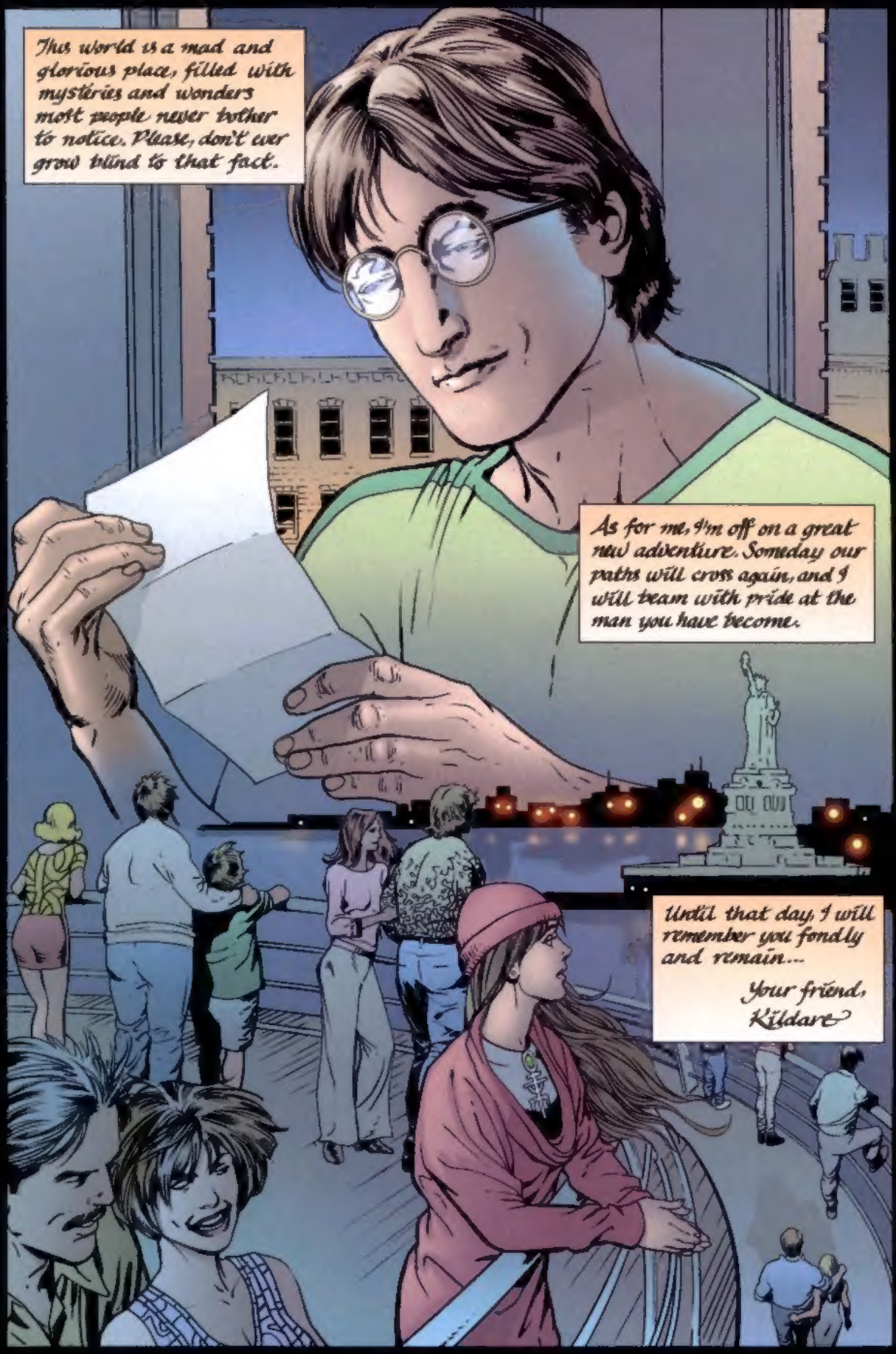

IT GOES BY SO QUICKLY, DOESN'T IT? JUST ONE GREAT BLUR.
YES, I SUPPOSE IT DOES.
I THINK WE SHOULD FIND A NICE LITTLE FARM SOMEWHERE FOR OLD BILL. IT'S NOT FAIR TO KEEP A HORSE COOPED UP IN THE CITY.
IF THAT'S WHAT YOU WANT.
IT IS.
YOU KNOW, I'VE DECIDED YOU'RE RIGHT.
ABOUT WHAT?
LIFE. THAT LIFE IS ABOUT THE *MOMENT.* PAST? PRESENT? ONE'S A MEMORY. THE OTHER'S A MYSTERY. THE MOMENT'S THE ONLY THING THAT IS REAL.
WELL, LET'S MAKE THIS MOMENT A GOOD ONE, THEN.
DEAL.


YOU KNOW I'M MAD FOR YOU, YOU SILLY GIRL.


BUT I NEED TO FEEL LIKE A MAN AGAIN, EVEN FOR A MOMENT.
I WANT TO FEEL THE GRASS BENEATH MY FEET, ONE LAST TIME
I LOVE YOU, KILDARE ALWAYS
THOMAS ?
NO!
THOMAS!


NOOOOO!

KILDARE? HELLO?
OH.
My sweet little wizard-in-training. I'm sorry I'm not there to give you this in person, but good-byes are a thing I am singularly ill suited for.
I have decided to leave London after all these years. I don't know when or if I shall return. Everything changes, Alfie. Even me.
ALFIE
Please accept this book as a gift. It is yours and yours alone. I hope it helps you on your way to the great things that I know await you.


This world is a mad and glorious place, filled with mysteries and wonders most people never bother to notice. Please, don't ever grow blind to that fact.
As for me, I'm off on a great new adventure. Someday our paths will cross again, and I will beam with pride at the man you have become.
Until that day, I will remember you fondly and remain...
Your friend,
Kildare

ARIA
SUMMER'S SPELL

LONDON,
THE SUMMER OF 1966.

The air is electrified with music, the streets are bursting with color, and everywhere you look, Youth is king. Into this strange and brave-new world, a wayward knight comes looking for his long lost love: Lady Kildare of the Faerie. Blissfully reunited, the expatriate Fairy Princess helps the time-lost Sir Thomas adapt to the mad whirl of life in the 20th century, a life of motorcars, rock clubs and pop art "happenings." It has been said that love conquers all, but Kildare must learn the hard way that, unlike her, not everyone is meant to live forever.

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